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ART. I.—*Quarrels of Authors; or some Memoirs for our Literary History, including Specimens of Controversy, to the reign of Elizabeth.* By the Author of *Calamities of Authors*. 3 vols. Octavo. Pp. 308, 316, 320. Murray. 1814.

OUR author has founded this work on the assumption of my Lord Bacon, whose quotation says.... 'The use and end of this work I do not so much design for curiosity, or satisfaction of those that are the lovers of learning; but chiefly for a more grave and serious purpose; which is, that it will make learned men wise in the use and administration of learning.'

We view it then as a collection of classic anecdotes, from which our literary history may be compiled. These Quarrels of Authors do not resemble the memorable quarrels of Physicians in *Gil Blas*. They are not quarrels recited with a view to excite impertinent mirth, or to provoke marked contempt; they are not designed to wound the literary character, but to chasten it.

The arrows of wit are too frequently winged with ridicule, when shot from the bow of criticism; and, sometimes with the venom of malignity. Rivalry begets calumny, engenders evil prepossessions, and cherishes jealousy and hatred. By exposing, our author aims to correct these unjust conclusions; and he has chosen literary controversy, as best suited to illustrate principle....to pourtray character....or to investigate causes.

CRIT. REV. Vol. VII. Dec. 1814.

2 N

‘ I have always,’ he continues, ‘ considered an author as a human being, who possesses, at once, two sorts of lives.... the *intellectual*, and the *vulgar*. In his books, we trace the history of his mind ; and, in his actions, that of human nature. It is this combination which interests the philosopher and man of feeling : it provides the richest materials for reflection ; as well as those original details, which open the constituent principles of man. Johnson’s passion for literary history, and his great knowledge of the human heart, inspired, at once, the first and the finest model in this class of composition. Our author proceeds to analyze the philosophy of literary history in his preface, and, then, introduces us to Warburton.

‘ The name of **WARBURTON** is more familiar to us than his works : thus was it early, thus it continues, and thus it will be with posterity ! The cause may be worth our inquiry. Nor is there, in the whole compass of our literary history, a character more instructive for its greatness and its failures ; none more adapted to excite our curiosity, and which can more completely gratify it.’

At an early period of life, Warburton was the articulated clerk of an attorney in an obscure provincial town. He was, afterwards, a wine merchant in the Borough, and crept into notice, as the orator of a disputing club. But in all his shapes, says our author, he was still keen in literary pursuits, without literary connections. Struggling with all the defects of a desultory and self-taught education, but of a bold aspiring character, he rejected either in pride, or in despair, his little trades, and took Deacon’s orders. This change, and the motives of Warburton, who soon after became a literary adventurer, who was to win his way by earning it from patronage, is illustrated by copious notes containing communications from select writers, on his religious principles, his taste, and his diction.

In his literary debut, Warburton was not forgetful of his dedications.

‘ When **WARBURTON** was considered as a Colossus of Literature, Ralph, the political writer, pointed a severe allusion to the awkward figure he makes in these dedications. ‘ The Colossus himself creeps between the legs of the late Sir Robert Sutton ; in what posture, or for what purpose, need not be explained.

‘ Churchill has not passed by this circumstance of Warburton’s humility event to meanness, combined with pride which could rise to haughtiness.

'He was so proud, that should he meet
The twelve Apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall.'
Yet this man

——— 'Fawned through all his life,
For Patrons first, then for a wife,
Wrote dedications, which must make
The heart of every Christian quake.'

'The Duellist.

'It is certain that the proud and supercilious Warburton long crouched and fawned.'

But his art at dedication led to his preferment, and may be termed the foundation stone of his aspiring fortunes. Till his thirtieth year, continues our author, Warburton evinced a depraved taste, but a craving appetite for knowledge. His mind was constituted to be more struck by the monstrous than the beautiful: much like that Sicilian prince who furnished his Italian villa with the most hideous figures imaginable. The delight arising from harmonious and delicate forms, raised emotions of too weak a nature to move their obliquity of taste; raised, however, by the surprise excited by colossal ugliness.

With these sentiments we perfectly accord. Warburton was, indeed, a giant of his days, but is now reduced to the ordinary stature of man. His name, once, was surrounded in splendour, but time has eclipsed that brilliancy; and if his memory be at all cherished by posterity, he is probably more indebted to his posthumous letters, than to all his other works. Those letters are chiefly from Warburton to Hurd, and commenced when the former was in the fifty-first year of his age, and the latter in the thirty first.

Warburton, at that period, was in the zenith of his fame. Hurd was just peeping out of obscurity, and their friendship commenced in the praise Hurd had bestowed on Warburton's Horace. With this praise Warburton appears to have been awakened to rapture, and he devoted his whole heart to the author of this elegant panegyric.

Warburton's works are enumerated, and criticised throughout this volume; and contemporary petulant jealousies are illustrated by critical notes. We will speak of his Divine Legation....a work of so much temerity, that it raised up a host not only of infidels, but of christians against him. Lowth told him....'You give yourself out as a demonstra-

tor of the divine legation of Moses....it has often been demonstrated before....a young student in theology might undertake to give a better, that is, a more satisfactory and irrefragable demonstration of it, in five pages, than you have done in five volumes. On this subject our author says,

‘ The intrepidity of this vast genius appears in the plan of his greater work. The omission of a future state of reward and punishment, in the Mosaic writings, was perpetually urged as a proof that his mission was not of divine origin: the ablest defenders were straining at obscure or figurative passages, to force unsatisfactory inferences; but they were looking after what could not be found. Warburton at once boldly acknowledged it was not there! at once adopted all the objections of the infidels, and roused the curiosity of both parties, by the hardy assertion, that this very omission was a demonstration of its divine origin.

‘ The first idea of this new project was bold and delightful, and the plan magnificent. Paganism, Judaism, and Christianity, the three great religions of mankind, were to be marshalled in all their pomp, and their awe, and their mystery. But the procession changed to a battle! To maintain one great paradox, he was branching out into innumerable ones. This great work was never concluded: he wearied himself, without however, wearying his readers; and, as his volumes appeared, he was still referring to his argument, ‘ as far as it is yet advanced.’ The demonstration appeared in great danger of ending in a conjecture; and this work, always beginning and never ending, proved to be the glory and misery of his life. In perpetual conflict with those numerous adversaries it roused, Warburton often shifted his ground, and broke into so many divisions, that when he cried out, Victory! his scattered forces seemed rather to be in flight, than in pursuit!

The controversies thus kindled, preyed on Warburton’s mind; and although he boldly attacked in return, his heart was accustomed to sicken in privacy. But Pope, in his last moments, exhorted Warburton to proceed with his divine legation. ‘ Your reputation,’ said the dying poet, ‘ as well as your duty, is concerned in it. People say you can get no further in your proof. Nay, lord Bolingbroke himself bids me expect no such thing.’

‘ The same secret principle led him to turn the poetical narrative of *Aeneas* in the infernal regions, an episode evidently imitated by Virgil from his Grecian master, into a minute description of the initiation into the Eleusinian Mysteries. A notion so perfectly new, was at least worth a trivial truth. Was it not delightful, to have so many particulars detailed of a secret transaction, which even its con-

temporaries of two thousand years ago did not presume to know any thing about ? Father Hardouin seems to have opened the way for Warburton, since he had discovered that the whole *Æneid* was an allegorical voyage of St. Peter to Rome ! When Jortin, in one of his 'Six dissertations,' modestly illustrated Virgil by an interpretation inconsistent with the strange discovery, it produced a memorable quarrel. Then Hurd, the future shield, scarcely the sword, of Warburton, made his first sally; a dapper, subtle, and cold-blooded champion, who could dexterously turn about the polished weapon of irony. So much our *Railleur* admired the volume of Jortin, that he favoured him with 'A seventh dissertation, addressed to the Author of the sixth, on the delicacy of friendship,' one of the most malignant, but the keenest pieces of irony. It served as the foundation of that new school of criticism, where the arrogance of the master was to be supported by the pupil's contempt of men, often his superiors. To have interpreted Virgil differently from the modern Stagirite, was, by the aggravating art of the ridiculer, to be considered as the violation of a moral feeling. Jortin bore the slow torture, and the teasing of Hurd's dissecting knife, in dignified silence.

'At length a rising genius demonstrated how Virgil could not have described the Eleusinian Mysteries in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. One blow from the arm of Gibbon shivered the allegorical fairy palace, into glittering fragments.'

As a commentator, Warburton has proved himself an able inventor of double senses, discovering the most fantastical allusions, and making men of genius, but of confined reading, learned with all the lumber of his own unwieldy erudition.

'When the German Professor Crousaz published a rigid examen of the doctrines in Pope's *Essay on Man*, Warburton volunteered a defence of Pope. Some years before, it appears that Warburton himself, in a literary club at Newark, had produced a dissertation against those very doctrines ! where he asserted 'that the *Essay* was collected from the worst passages of the worst authors.' This probably occurred at the time he declared that Pope had no genius ! Bolingbroke really wrote the *Essay on Man*, which Pope *versified*. His principles may be often objectionable ; but those who only read this fine philosophical poem, for its condensed verse, its imagery, and its generous sentiments, will run no danger from a metaphysical system they will not care to comprehend.

'But this serves not as an apology for Warburton, who now undertook an elaborate defence of what he had himself condemned, and for which purpose he has most unjustly depressed Crousaz—an able logician, and a writer ardent in the cause of Religion. This Com-

mentary on the *Essay on Man*, then, looks much like the work of a sophist, and an adventurer ! Pope who was now alarmed at the tendency of some of those principles he had so innocently versified, received Warburton as his tutelary genius. A mere poet was soon dazzled by the sorcery of erudition ; and he himself having nothing of that kind of learning, Pope believed Warburton to be the Scaliger of the age, for his gratitude far exceeded his knowledge. The Poet died in this delusion : he consigned his immortal works to the mercy of a ridiculous commentary and a tasteless commentator, whose labours have cost so much pains to subsequent editors to remove. Yet from this moment we date the worldly fortunes of Warburton. Pope presented him with the entire property of his works ; introduced him to a blind and obedient patron, who bestowed on him a rich wife, by whom he secured a fine seat ; till, at length, the mitre crowned his last ambition. Such was the large chapter of accidents in Warburton's life !

There appears in Warburton's conduct respecting the editions of those great Poets which he afterwards published, something quite systematic ; for he treated the several editors of those very poets, Theobald Hammer, and Grey, who were his friends, with the same odd sort of kindness ; when he was unknown to the world, he cheerfully contributed to all their labours, and afterwards abused them with the liveliest severity. It is probable, that he had himself projected these editions as a source of profit, but had at first contributed to the more advanced labours of his rival editors, merely as specimens of his talent, that the public might hereafter be thus prepared for his own perfect Commentaries.*

Alluding to Warburton's notes on Shakespeare, our author continues.... ' When these extraordinary specimens of emendatory and illustrative criticism appeared, with general readers, they excited all the astonishment of perfect novelty. It must have occurred to them, that no one as yet understood Shakespeare ; and, indeed, that it required no less erudition than that of the new luminary, now rising in the critical horizon, to display the amazing erudition of this most recondite poet. Every striking passage was wrested into a new meaning. Here, words were to be changed quite opposite to what they were....here, one line was rejected ; and here an interpolation, inspired alone by critical sagacity, pretended to restore a lost one....finally, a source of knowledge was opened in the notes, on subjects which no other critic suspected could, in the remotest degree, stand connected with Shakespeare's text.'

* These critical extravaganzas are scarcely to be paralleled with

Bentley's notes on Milton. How Warburton turned 'an allegorical mermaid' into 'the Queen of Scots';—shewed how Shakespeare, in one word, and with one epithet, 'the majestic world,' described the *Orbis Romanus* alluded to the Olympic games, &c. : yet, after all this discovery, the poet seems rather to allude to a story about Alexander, which Warburton happened to recollect at that moment;—and how he illustrated Octavia's idea of the fatal consequences of a civil war between Cæsar and Anthony, who said it would 'cleave the world,' by the story of Curtius leaping into the chasm;—how he rejected; 'allowed with absolute power,' as not English, and read 'hallowed,' on the authority of the Roman Tribuneship being called *Sacro-sancta Potesta*;—how his emendations often rose from puns; as for instance, when, in *Romeo and Juliet*, it is said of the Friar, that 'the city is much obliged to him,' our new critic consents to the sound of the word, but not to the spelling, and reads *hymn*; that is, to laud, to praise!—when Armado bids his page Moth to 'follow,' Moth replies, 'like the *sequel*?' a humorous reply for the urchin, and a jest upon a *sequel*, perfectly understood till the new critic poured a note to shew it alluded to *La sequelle*, which, in French means a great man's train; and the jest is that a page was all his train!—These, and still more extraordinary instances of perverting ingenuity and abused erudition, would form an uncommon specimen of criticism, which may be justly ridiculed, but which none, except an exuberant genius, could have produced.—The most amusing work possible would be a real Warburton's *Shakespear*, which should contain not a single thought, and scarcely an expression, of *Shakespear*!

Had Johnson known as much as we do of Warburton's opinion of his critical powers, it would have gone far to have cured his amiable prejudice in favour of Warburton, who really was a critic without taste, and who considered Literature as some do Politics, merely as a party-business. I shall give a remarkable instance. When Johnson published the first critical attempt on 'Macbeth,' he commended the critical talents of Warburton; and Warburton returned the compliment in the preface to his *Shakespear*, and distinguishes Johnson as 'a man of parts and genius.' But, unluckily, Johnson afterwards published his own edition; and, in his editorial capacity, his public duty prevailed over his personal feelings: all this went against Warburton; and the opinions he now formed of Johnson were suddenly those of insolent contempt. In a letter to his polished sycophant Hurd, he writes: 'Of this Johnson you and I, I believe, think alike!' And to another friend: 'the remarks he makes, in every page, on my *Commentaries*, are full of insolence and malignant reflections, which, had they not in them as much folly as malignity, I should have reason to be offended with.' He consoles himself, however, that Johnson's notes, accompanying his own, will enable even 'the trifling part of the public' not to mistake in the comparison.

• *Nichol's Literary Anecdotes*, vol. v. 595.

‘ And what became of Johnson’s noble preface to Shakespear? Not a word on that!—Warburton, who himself had written so many spirited ones, perhaps did not like to read one finer than his own,—so he passed it by! He travelled through Egypt, but held his hands before his eyes, at a pyramid!

The fact is, that Warburton wrote for Warburton, and not for Shakespeare. The same principles were pursued in his edition of Pope. His commentary on the essay on criticism, was calculated to prove, that admirable collection of precepts to have been constructed by a systematic method, which it is well known, the poet never designed. And the same instruments of torture were used, as in the Essay on Man, to reconcile a system of fatalism to the doctrines of revelation

‘ Warburton was probably aware, that the **SECRET PRINCIPLE** which regulated his public opinions might lay him open, at numerous points, to the strokes of Ridicule. It is a weapon which every one is willing to use, but seems terrified when pointed against himself. There is no party, or sect, which have not employed it in their most serious controversies: the grave part of mankind protest against it, often at the moment they have been directing it for their own purpose. And the enquiry, whether Ridicule be a test of Truth, is one of the large controversies in our own Literature. It was opened by Lord Shaftesbury, and zealously maintained by his school. Akenside, in a note to his celebrated poem, asserts the efficacy of Ridicule as a test of Truth: Lord Kaimes had just done the same. Warburton levelled his piece at the Lord in the bush-fighting of a Note; but came down in the open field with a full discharge of his artillery on the luckless Bard.

‘ The supercilious Critic, under the sneering appellative of ‘The Poet,’ and of his ‘sublime account,’ insultingly reminding him of ‘his Master,’ and shrewdly hinting that he was ‘a man of taste;’ a new term, as we are to infer, for ‘a Deist;’ or, as Akenside alluded to Spinoza (merely for illustration) that he might be something worse.—He loudly protests against the practice of Ridicule; but in attacking its advocate, he is himself an evidence of its efficacy, by keenly ridiculing him and his opinions. Dyson, the patron of Akenside, nobly stepped forwards to rescue his Eagle, panting in the tremendous gripe of the Critical Lion. His defence of Akenside is an argumentative piece of Criticism, on the nature of Ridicule, curious, but wanting the graces of the genius who inspired it.

‘ I shall stop one moment, since it falls into our subject, to record this great literary battle on the use of Ridicule, which has been fought till both parties, after having shed their ink, divide the field without

victory or defeat, and now stand looking on each other. After the opposite arguments, a short conclusion may be drawn; and if I fall on the right one, all that I can say will be,

‘I suffer for the Truth, Sir; for Jacquenetta is a true girl.’

Love’s Labour Lost, A. 1. S. 1.

‘The advocates for the use of RIDICULE maintain that it is a natural sense or feeling bestowed on us for wise purposes by the supreme being, as the others are of beauty, or of sublimity—to detect the deformity or absurdity of an object; and that no real virtues, such as wisdom, honesty, bravery, or generosity, can be ridiculed.

‘The great adversary of ridicule replied, that they did not dare to ridicule the virtues openly; but, by overcharging and distorting features, they could laugh at leisure. ‘Give them other names; call them but temerity, prodigality, simplicity, &c. and your business is done. Make them ridiculous, and you may go on, in the freedom of wit and humour (thus Shaftesbury distinguishes ridicule) till there be never a virtue left to laugh out of countenance.’

‘The ridiculous acknowledge that their favourite art may do mischief, when *dishonest men obtrude circumstances foreign to the object*, and we are so inadvertent, as to allow these circumstances to impose upon us. But, they justly urge, the use of reason itself is full as liable to the same objection: grant Spinoza his false principles, and his conclusions will be considered as true. Dyson has thrown out an ingenious illustration. ‘It is so equally in the Mathematics; where, in reasoning about a circle, if we join along with its real properties, others that do not belong to it, our conclusions will certainly be erroneous. Yet who would infer from hence, that *the manner of proof* is defective or fallacious.

‘Warburton urged the strongest case against the use of Ridicule, in that of Socrates and Aristophanes. In his strong and coarse illustration he shews, that by clapping a fool’s coat on the most immaculate virtue, it stuck on Socrates like a San Benito, and at last brought him to his execution: it made the owner resemble his direct opposite; that character he was most unlike. The consequences are well known.’

Of the Warburton school our author says,

‘The Warburtonian school was to be supported by the most licentious principles; by dictatorial arrogance, by gross invective, and by airy sarcasm; but the bitter contempt, and its many little artifices of towering an adversary in the public opinion, was more peculiarly the talent of one of his aptest scholars, the cool, the keen, the sophisticated Hurd. The lowest arts of confederacy were connived at, prodigal of praise to themselves; and retentive of it to all others; the world was to be divided into two parts, the *Warburtonians* and the *Antis*.

‘To establish this new government in the literary world, this great Revolutionist was favoured by fortune with two important objects;

the one was a *Machine*, by which he could wield public opinion ; and the other a Man, who seemed born to be his minister, or his Viceroy.

' The *Machine* was nothing less than the immortal works of Pope ; as soon as Warburton had obtained a royal patent to secure to himself the sole property of Pope's Works, the public were compelled, under the disguise of a commentary on the most classical of our Poets, to be concerned with all his literary quarrels, and have his libels and lampoons perpetually before them ; all the foul waters of his anger were deposited here as in a common reservoir.'

Thus, is the literary character of this great author discussed ; and the ample notes which accompany the texts, give us the opinions, spleen, and satire of contemporary writers, justly entitled the ' the quarrels of authors.'

In the same way, these volumes treat of Pope, Addison, Bolingbroke, Mallet, and other authors of celebrity. It also includes quarrels among the royal society....Davenant and a club of wits....Paper wars of the civil wars....Political criticism on literary compositions....and literary quarrels from personal motives.

Each subject would occupy its respective review ; we, therefore, confine ourselves to the first, and invite our readers to partake the amusement and instruction we have derived from the perusal of this well compiled work. It will shew, that the personal likes and dislikes of witty men come down recorded to posterity, by whom they are often mistaken for just satire ; whereas, after all, they are nothing more than literary quarrels, seldom founded in truth, often in falsehood, and always in jealousy. These quarrels are occasionally kept up by the petulance of marked contempt ; the gall of witty satire ; or by licentiousness, unbounded, as splenetic.

ART. II.—*Travels in Caucasus and Georgia*, performed in the years 1807 and 1808, by command of the Russian Government, by Julius Von Klaproth, Aulic Counsellor to the Emperor of Russia, Member of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, &c. ; Translated from the German by Frederick Shoberl. Quarto. Pp. 421. Colburn. 1814.

[Concluded from page 467.]

WE now follow our intelligent author to Donskaja, at the foot of the first mountains of the Caucasus. This town has

a fortress on the brook Taschle, is considerable, and inhabited by cossacks and peasants. Here he was so near in appearance, that the first ranges concealed the highest; which in serene weather may be seen at the distance of sixty German miles on a straight line; and from Ssarepta on the Wolga, not less than seventy (210 English) miles.

If Mr. Klaproth is here correct, one would suppose that these mountains must surpass the Alps or the Andes. The great fall of Niagaria from which ascends a thick mist forming a large and high dense cloud that may be seen at the distance of 54 English miles, in clear weather, from Lake Erie. This phenomenon appeared to the observer, at that distance, 'a small white cloud in the horizon, over-hanging Niagaria; all other light clouds flitting away to another part of the horizon, whereas this one remains steadily fixed in the same spot; and on viewing it through a telescope, it is seen that the shape of the cloud varies every instant, owing to the continual rising of the mist from the cataract beneath.'

If we might form any comparison in contemplating this stationary cloud, and the summit of the mountain; or by computing the distance from which the latter is seen, with the accounts of those already named; the Caucasus must appear to us the highest land yet discovered. This, if we admit the traditionary accounts still current among the inhabitants of these parts that Noah's Ark first grounded upon the Caucasus, but was driven to Ararat, must be in some degree confirmed; and yet our author, in another place, speaks of them all 'little inferior to Mount Blanc.'

Near as we are supposed to be to the first object of our research, we find our traveller still ascending from Donskaja to Moskovskaja, into the first range of mountains, or *Dark Forest*; from whence we shall follow him some distance further, in his own words.

'Proceeding 31½ wersts further, we arrived about noon on the 22d of November at the town of Stawropol, a considerable place for the Caucasian government, seated on an eminence at the source of the rivulet Atschile, (in Tartar, *limpid clear*,) which runs to the north-east, and at the distance of about 55 wersts discharges itself into the left side of the Kalauss. Stawropol was formerly but a strongly garrisoned fortress belonging to the Caucasian line, but in 1785 it was raised to the rank of a city. It is populous, has spacious streets, and a large market-house where all sorts of commodities may

be procured. Here a market is held twice a week, and attended by the peasants of the whole adjacent country. The soil is very fruitful, and the neighbouring woods and copses abound in game, which is frequently shot by the inhabitants for sale. We bought wild boars flesh at the rate of three copper copecks a pound, and partridges at fifteen copecks a brace. Provisions in general are very cheap here, and the neighbouring Atschile yields perch (in Russia *Okum*, in Tartar *Alabughah*) and carp (in Russia and Tartar *Ssassam*) of excellent flavour. Besides the Cossacks there is in this town and its environs a fine regiment of dragoons, then commanded by General Puschkin, whose head-quarters are at Stawropol. This town is governed by a burgomaster, (*Gorodnitschi*;) who is likewise charged with the levying of recruits from the adjacent country. Though it was so near the end of November, we had not much reason to complain of cold, by which we were also less incommoded in the level steppe than by the piercing north and east wind.

In the country between Stawropol, the Ckuban and the Upper Kuma, as well as about the sources of the rivulets Dongusle and Buywalla, which discharge themselves into the latter, rove the Tartar hordes of the Kasbulat, Kiptschak, Mangut, Jedissan, Dshambulats, Jedikul, and Nawrus, amounting together to 5849 kubitkes or feltents. These are the small remains of the once celebrated Nogays or Ckuban Tartars, who were transplanted by the Chans of the Kryn to the steppe between the Dnepr and Dnestr, but afterwards removed back by the Russians to their former pastures beyond the Ckuban. The continual disturbances excited by them, and the depredations which they committed, obliged the government in 1788 to reduce them to obedience; on which occasion the greatest part of them fled beyond the Ckuban, and the whole nation was well nigh exterminated.

The eastern part of the Caucasian steppe between the Kuma and the Caspian Sea is partly inhabited by families of the Nogay hordes, Jedissan and Dshambulats, partly by the whole hordes of Ckaranogay or Black Nogays, and Nedischkul, and more northerly and towards the sea by Turckmen Tartars: the total number of kubitkes amounts to 4286. All the Nogays dwelling here rove about after the manner of the nomadic nations, with their flocks and herds of sheep, oxen, horses, and camels; but each horde has nearly its regular district for summer and another for winter. They now conduct themselves like quiet subjects, and have relinquished their predatory mode of life. They are hospitable and sociable, and all profess the Mohammedan religion. It is remarkable, that we yet find among them that infirmity of which Herodotus, in treating of the Scythians, makes mention in these words:—"When the Scythians were masters of Asia, they went thence towards Egypt; but when they had reached Nyria and Palestine, Psametichus king of Egypt went to meet them, and by presents and entreaties prevailed on them not to advance;

they returned, therefore, by way of Askalon to Syria., and left the country without doing any further mischief, excepting that some who remained behind plundered the temple of Urania. This temple, from all accounts that I have been able to collect, was the most ancient which this goddess ever had and that in Cyprus owes its origin to it according to the admission of the Cyprians themselves: the temple of Cythera was likewise erected by Phœnicians, natives of Syria. The goddess hereupon sent a feminine disease among those Scythians who had plundered her temple at Askalon, and this punishment was perpetuated for ever among their posterity. The Scythians say that this disease was a chastisement for the sacrilege; and strangers who visit the country of the Scythians witness it in the state of those who are called by those people Enaræans.

Hippocrates, in his Treatise on Air and Vapour, in which he gives many particulars concerning the Scythians, also speaks of these Enaræans. 'There are likewise among the Scythians,' says he, 'persons who come into the world as eunuchs, and do all the work of women; they are called *Enaræans* or *womanish*. The people of their country consider this defect as a visitation of the gods, and pay respect to these Enaræans in order to divert a similar misfortune from themselves. For my part, I believe that this evil is no more sent by the deity than any thing else we see; for I think that every effect has its cause, and that nothing can happen without one.'—Reineggs is the first modern who found this kind of infirmity among the Nogays, only with this difference, that they are not born with it, but that it arises from incurable debility after diseases, or from increasing age. The skin then grows wrinkled, the scanty beard falls off, and the man assumes a completely feminine appearance. He becomes incapable of copulation, and his sentiments and actions lose the masculine character. In this state he is obliged to shun the company of men, and to associate with women, whom he perfectly resembles. Reineggs, however, is mistaken, when he says that these persons also wear female apparel, as they would in this case have to dress in red clothes and veils. It is indeed common for old Nogay women to go with nothing but an untanned sheep-skin thrown over their wrinkled hides, and a cap of the same on their heads; and thus equipped, they are not to be distinguished from those woman-like individuals of the other sex.

Count Potocki, who visited the *steppe* of the Kuma and the Caucasus in the winter of 1797-1798, made enquiries concerning this disease of the Nogays on the Beschtau, to whom, however, it seemed to be wholly unknown. When he afterwards travelled along the Kuma, and returned over the sands of Anketeri, where he found great part of their nation assembled, he, for the first time, saw at the Red Well, as it is called, one of these metamorphosed men, or *Choss*, whom he took for an old woman, but was afterwards convinced, upon enquiry, that it was really a man, and that this disease still occurs,

though but rarely. Neither is it unknown in Turkey, where the name of *Choss* is given to all those men who have no beards.—At the same time the Count very justly remarks, that Reineggs is wrong in styling the whole nation of the Nogays, Mangutai; that the Calmucks indeed give all the Tartars the name of Mangut, but that this appellation properly attaches to one tribe only, by which it is assumed, and which does not even belong to the Nogays. Count Potocki was himself in their horde, but they were total strangers to the above-mentioned disease. *Histoire primitive des Peuples de la Russie, par le Comte Jean Potocki* A St. Petersburg, 1802, 4to. p. 175.

After dwelling some time upon the description of the Nogays, rugged roads, winding rivers and streams, lofty ridges, and rude villages; we find our traveller ascending by a steep road, the lofty activity of the *Steepe*, bordering the Podkuma, to Georgiwick, a small and tolerably well fortified place. From this fortress the declivity is very abrupt, to be descended in but few places, and with great inconvenience. The soil here is coarse sand and clay; and in the sand are found small muscles either petrified or decayed.

Shells of testaceous fish upon high land, and at an immense distance from the sea, are found in various parts of the world. In the river Tennessee and upon its banks, in the United States of America are such immense quantities extending several miles, as from petrification or adhesion, to impede the navigation; and hence are called 'the muscle shoals.' This river is fresh water, and many hundred miles from the sea. In England, and other parts of Europe, sea shells have been found deep in the bowels of the earth; which afford strong proofs of violent concussions of nature, antecedent to history, or even tradition: but to return to our traveller.

' On the north side the town adjoins the *steppe*, and has an imperceptible descent towards the Cossack *stanitza*, about a werst distant. The ramparts of Georgiewsk itself, which forms a pentagon, though but of earth, are strongly fortified with cannon. Within these few years, however, solid stone bastions and considerable works have been begun on the west side, where it is not defended by the precipice, and these will render the place impregnable against any attack of the mountainers, who have neither artillery nor the least notion of the operations of a siege. The materials for building are furnished by the lime-stone quarries of the neighbouring Besch-tau.

' Georgiewsk, now the capital of the Caucasian government, was founded in 1777, on the formation of the Caucaso-Ckuban line. It

is built in a regular and cheerful manner, but the houses in general are only of slight boarding, and you very rarely find one that is solid enough to secure its inhabitants in winter from the unpleasant and piercing winds of the *steppe*. The adjacent country is very agreeable, and the whole plain beyond the Podkuma overgrown with wood. Though there are no morasses in the vicinity, and the air is dry and clear, yet the climate of this place powerfully affects both strangers and natives, and towards the end of summer and in autumn produces such frequent fevers that there is scarcely a house which has not at least one patient confined with that disease.

From this place you have a view of the whole chain of the Caucasus, as far as the Lesgian mountains; a spectacle which perhaps cannot be paralleled except in the *steppes* of Middle Asia, for in no other part of the world is a plain so vast as the *steppe* of the Kuma bounded by such a lofty and extensive range. The Caucasus apparently forms two chains running parallel to each other, the highest covered with snow, and the lower or northern, which is commonly called the Black Mountains. The former are denominated by the Tartars Ckar Daghlar, but by the Tscherkessians, from Kasibeg to the Elbrus, Kurdsh; and the Black Mountains are named by the Russians Tschernoi Gory, in Tartar Ckara-Daghlar, and in Tscherkessian Kusch'ha.

The loftiest mountains in the snowy chain are the Kasi-beg and the Elbrus; but the latter is by far the highest, and little inferior in elevation to Mont Blanc. It has never yet been ascended, and the Caucasians have a notion that no person can reach its summit without the special permission of the deity. They likewise relate that here Noah first grounded with the ark, but was driven further to Ararat. The ascent from the south side would perhaps be the most practicable, did not the mountaineers throw innumerable obstructions in the way of such an enterprise. Its foot is totally uninhabited, and surrounded by marshes produced in summer by the melting of the snows. The Russians call this mountain Schat-gora; the Ckaratschai, Mingitau; the Tartars, Jaldess or Elbrus; the Armenians, Jalbus; Tscherkessians, Uasch'hamako, that is, the *Gracious* or *Holy Mountain*; the Abasses, Orli If'gub; and the Ssuanes, Passa. All the mountaineers have abundance of tales to relate concerning the evil spirits and demons who dwell upon it; whose prince they call Dshin Pudischah, and of whose annual meetings they have invented as many fables as the North Germans respecting the assemblies of the witches on the brocken. The other lofty mountain, which nearly terminates to the east the snowy range visible from Georgiewsk, is the Kassbeg, which in Georgian is named Mqinwari, but by the Ossetes Urss-choch, or the *White Mountain*.

Respecting the origin and signification of the name Caucasus, there is a wide difference of opinion. The most ancient explanation of it we find in Pliny, who derives this word from the Scythian

Graucus, which is said to signify *nive candidus*. As; however, this etymology is not confirmed by any known language, and it is extremely improbable that the whole family of words to which it belongs should have been lost, it seems to carry very little weight, and to be equally unfounded with many others set up by the ancients. *Kaukas*, which is a foreign term in these mountains, may perhaps come from the Persian appellation *Koh Châff*, which signifies the Mountains of *Châf*. The more ancient form of this word was probably *Ckafssp* or *Ckassp*, with the termination *Assp*, which was common in the Median Dialects. From this ancient form the Caspian Sea and the nation of the Caspians probably received their name; for, according to the testimony of Eratosthenes (in Strabo), the people inhabiting the Caucasus called it the Caspian mountains—*Κασπιν ὄρος*. In Moses of Chorene it is named *Kowkass* and *Kaukass*; and in the history of Georgia, compiled by the direction of King Watchtang the Fifth, from the archives of the convents of Mzchetha and Gelathi, the most ancient boundaries of this country are thus described:—‘On the east it has the Gurganian Sea (*Gurganissa*), now called the Sea of Gilan; on the west the Pontic, otherwise the Black Sea; on the south the Orethian Mountains (*Orethissa*) situated in the country of the Kurds (*Khurthia*) towards Media; and on the north the Kawkasian Mountains (*Khawk’assia*), which are called by the Persians *Jalbus*.’ In the epitome of the history of the country, written by the Georgian prince Davith, and printed at Tiflis in 1798, the Caucasus is likewise styled from ancient authorities *K’awk’ass*. ‘The country belonging to him (to Thargamoss) was bounded on the east by the Gurganian sea (that is the Caspian); on the west by the Black sea (which is the Pontus); on the south by the Aressian mountains (those of Kurthistan); and on the north by the K’awk’asian.’

‘All this sufficiently proves the antiquity of the name of Caucasus among the neighbouring nations; nevertheless at present it is but little used by the Asiatics, who commonly call this mountain by the Tartar name of *Jalbus*, that is, *Icé-mane*. In Tartar the appellation is properly *Jalbus thaghtar*, but among the Nogays I have likewise heard it pronounced *Jildis thaghtar*, in which case it signifies Mountains of the Stars. By the Turks the Caucasus is named *Ckâf thâgi*, Mountains of *Ckâf*. The Georgians usually employ the Tartar term, and say *Jalbusiss Mtha*, Mount *Jalbus*. The Armenians call it *Jalbusi-ssar*, but the name of *Kaukas* also is still retained by them.’

We pass over above 130 pages occupied with relations of Russia with the Caucasus, the ruins of Madshur, the tribes near the Chuban, and those of the Caucasus, referring the reader to the work itself; and go to the departure of our traveller from Georgiewsk, to Pawlowska.

* As I had been informed that in a few days a large convoy of effects belonging to general field-marshal Count Gudowitsch would set out with a strong escort from Mosdok for Tiflis, I resolved to join it, and hastened to reach Mosdok before its departure. Having completed all my preparations for the journey, I solicited Governor von Kartwelinow and general Ssergei Alexewitsch Bulghakow, commander-in-chief on the Caucasian Line, for the papers necessary to my being furnished with post-horses and escorts; and these I received in the afternoon of the 16th of December. Our carriages were packed, and nothing prevented us from starting but the governor, who refused his permission, as our journey, till we should overtake the convoy, would have been extremely dangerous, and no reliance is to be placed on the Cossacks assigned for an escort, who commonly betake themselves to flight on the appearance of an enemy, and, anxious only to save themselves and their horses, leave the travellers committed to their care in the lurch. It is safer in general to go with an escort of infantry, of which the mountaineers stand more in awe, as they themselves almost always attack on horseback; and then their antagonists on foot have a great advantage in taking aim at them. For the rest, it is not too much to assert that the Kabardians are allowed full liberty to commit what depredations they please, and to plunder the Russians in their own territory, because the cossacks and other troops are strictly enjoined not to kill any of them, but to take them alive; which is next to impossible, as the latter are much worse mounted and armed than the enemy. Were we to reckon up all the persons who during the last twenty-five years have been carried off by the Tscherkessians and Tschetschenzes on the line, the amount would prove beyond comparison greater than the number of those who were swept away by the late pestilence in the Caucasian government. As such strict precautions are taken against that disease, why are not proper measures adopted against this far more destructive and disgraceful scourge, which depopulates a tract 150 wersts in breadth along the Russian frontiers? for the Kabardians frequently advance in their incursions beyond Madshar, to the boundaries of other governments. It is indeed no wonder that this nation is so inimically disposed towards the Russians, as the latter have, under the appearance of protection and friendship, encroached more and more upon their territories, and now cooped them up within a fourth part of their former pasturages. As, however, the Russian government has once adopted the vicious policy of injuring a brave and estimable nation in every possible way, it should now at least endeavour to counteract by energy the mischievous consequences of such a system.

‘ On the 17th, about eight in the morning, we at length left Georgiewsk by the eastern gate of the fortress, descended the steep declivity of the steppe, and crossed the Podkumka, which continues to flow here with considerable rapidity. Instead of the seven cossacks

who had been ordered to escort me, I obtained only two men, because all the others had gone a hunting with general Bulghakow. About noon we reached the stanitza of Mariinskaja, on the brow of the deep ravine through which the little river Saluka pursues its course to the Kuma. In descending the steep west side of this ravine, the horses were unable to hold the carriage, and ran away with it at full gallop down into the valley, and through the river, till at last they were stopped by the numerous black-thorn bushes on its banks. We had every reason to expect that the vehicle would be dashed in pieces, but fortunately it received no material injury.

In the afternoon we left Pawlowakaja, where we were obliged to wait a long time on horseback; and after proceeding eighteen wersts, which we performed in little more than an hour, we reached Saldatskaja Malka, a considerable village. Ten wersts further we came to the redoubt of Scolimán Brod, thus named from an old ford of the Tcherkeasians in the Malka, and at the distance of five more wersts, to the station and village of Prochladnoi, one (German) mile from the conflux of the Baksan and Malka. Here at that time resided major-general del Pozzo, the inspector of the Kabardians (Kabardiuskoi Pristaw). From Prochladnoi our road led through the village of Priblishnie to the town and fortress of Jekaterinograd, seventeen wersts distant, on the left side of the Malka, where we arrived about midnight. In almost every stage, the cossacks assigned us quietly turned back when we had proceeded about half way, so that we were usually without any escort when we reached the stanitza. This affords an additional proof of the want of order that prevails even in the military arrangements on the Line. On account of the quarantine we were refused admittance into the town, so that we were obliged to pass the night in the open air; which was the more unpleasant, as I sent forward my felt tent and other things to Mosdok, and the chillness of a December night is not particularly grateful even in more southern latitudes. The hardship of our case was further aggravated at first by the want of wood to kindle a fire. On this occasion I once more remarked how little the Russians are really capable of enduring cold; for my student was almost in tears, and some of the Russian carriers, who had likewise stopped here, could not put on furs enough one over another. Upon the whole, foreigners bear the cold in Russia much better than the natives, who begin to wear their furs in autumn, and never leave them off till the middle of spring. The degree to which they heat their apartments is also intolerable. On the other hand, foreigners, who during the first years of their residence in Russia have not accustomed themselves to furs, scarcely ever want them afterwards; and for my own part, I always found a wadded surtout or wrapper much more pleasant wear than oppressive over-heating furs, which I never used except when travelling in the depth of winter.

Arrived at Mosdok ; our author gives the following description of that Georgian town.

‘ The inhabitants of Mosdok are Russians, Armenians, Armenian Catholics, Georgians, Tartars, and Ossetes ; here are also many baptized Tscherkessians. Owing to the concourse of so many different nations, most of the inhabitants engaged in trade, speak not only the Russian, but also the Tartar, Armenian, Georgian, Tscherkessian, and Ossetian tongues, and have highly cultivated their capacity for learning languages. From a visit to the market-house (*Gostinnoi dwor*), and from the quantity and diversity of the commodities for sale, and the number of the purchasers, may easily be inferred the degree of prosperity enjoyed by the inhabitants of a Russian town. The market-house of Mosdok, however, still makes but a miserable figure, and it is only in one shop, belonging to Armenians of Nachtschiwan, that you meet with European goods. Most of the others are shut up, and the rest are occupied by Armenian and Ossetian tradesmen of this place, who deal in small wares and eatables. The traffic of Mosdok is said to have formerly been far more considerable ; but the present insecurity on the Line, the quarantine on the Russian side, and the pestilence among the mountaineers, have contributed to its extraordinary decline. The occupation of Georgia may also have concurred in producing this effect, as the market for the sale of Russian and European commodities to the inhabitants of this country, has been transferred by that measure to Tiflis.

‘ The houses are partly of wood and partly of wattle-work, plastered over with mortar. The windows commonly look into the courtyard, so that nothing is to be seen from the street, but bare walls plastered with clay or white-washed. Below the town, on the Terek, are several water-mills of miserable construction ; but the stones wear so exceedingly, that it is scarcely possible to eat the bread made of the flour ground by them, on account of the quantity of sand which is mixed with it.

‘ Besides a Russian church, Mosdok contains two belonging to the Armenians, and one to the Catholics. The latter was built about forty years since by the Capuchin missionaries stationed at this place ; and as they are all dead, it is now in the hands of the Jesuits, who have here a superior, a father, and a lay-brother. I hoped to be able to procure from them some information respecting the mountaineers, but the shortness of their residence at Mosdok had allowed them no opportunity to make themselves acquainted with these people, or to commence any intercourse with them. The father, Aegidius Henry, who is a native of the French Netherlands, and was educated in England, has in a short time made an extraordinary proficiency in the Armenian language ; and though he had begun to learn it only nine months before my first visit to Mosdok, he was already able to hold

public discourses in it in the church. Divine service also with the exception of the mass, is held here in the Armenian language.

This artful jesuit some time since formed a plan for civilizing such of the mountain tribes of the Caucasus as are not yet completely subject to the Russian sceptre, by means of members of his fraternity, in the same manner as they did the savage inhabitants of Paraguay. According to this proposal, the government was to give full scope to the order, and would thus rid itself of an expensive and troublesome concern. This plan, which was approved and supported by several of the civil officers on the Line, he transmitted to St. Petersburg, where it does not seem to have been most favourably received, and is now totally forgotten.

During my residence at Mosdok I had an opportunity of attending an Armenian wedding, and remarked the following ceremonies practised on the occasion:—the evening preceding the nuptials, the bridegroom invites all his friends of the male sex to his house, and entertains them in the best manner. He then sends for a barber to shave the heads and beards of the whole company, who afterwards go to the bath. Very early the next morning the bridegroom repairs with his train to the house of his future father-in-law, to fetch his bride. The father then joins their hands, and follows them with his whole company to church, where the marriage ceremony is performed by the ecclesiastic. After their return from church, the festivities last three days without intermission, and it is not till the third night that the new married couple are permitted to sleep together. A singular custom which prevails among several Asiatic nations, has also obtained among the Armenians, which is, that the wife, during the first year of her marriage, and sometimes for a still longer period, must not speak, upon any account, to the parents of her husband.

Georgia formerly paid the infamous tribute to the grand Signor's seraglio, of sending thither children of both sexes; but the brave Prince Heraclius abolished the custom. Still, however, this sensual Emperor is privately supplied with the beautiful females of Georgia and Circassia; and chiefly by Turkish robbers.

Habesei, who was many years resident at Constantinople in the service of the grand Signor, and who published his *Travels in Turkey* a few years ago, speaking of this Seraglio, says; 'all the women are for the service of the grand signor. No person whatsoever is permitted to introduce themselves into the first gate that encompasses the harem that is to say, the apartment in which the women are shut up. It is situated in a very remote part of the inclosure of the Seraglio, and it looks upon the sea of Marmora. No person can possibly see these women, except the sultan and the eunuchs. When any one of them goes out of the seraglio,

to make an excursion into the country with the grand signor, the journey is performed either in a boat, or in a carriage closely shut up ; and a kind of covered way is made with linen curtains from the door of their apartment to the place of embarking, or getting into the carriage. All these women have the same origin as the pages ; and the same means which they employ to procure the boy slaves are likewise put in practice to supply the harem with women : the handsomest, and those who give hopes of being such, are brought to the Seraglio, and they must all be virgins. They are divided like the pages into two chambers, and their manual employment consists in learning to sew and to embroider. But with respect to the cultivation of the mind, they are only taught music, dancing, gestures, and other things, which modesty forbids me to mention ; it is by these allurements that they endeavour to merit the inclination of the grand signor. The number of women in the harem depends on the taste of the reigning monarch. Sultan Selim had nearly 2000 ; Sultan Machmut had but 300 ; and the present Sultan has pretty near 1600. The two chambers have windows, but they only look upon the gardens of the seraglio, where no body can pass. Amongst so great a number, there is not one servant : for they are obliged to wait upon one another, by order of rotation, the last that is entered serves her who entered before her, and herself ; so that the first who entered is served without serving ; and the last serves without being served. They all sleep in separate beds, and between every fifth there is a preceptress, who minutely inspects their conduct. Their chief governess is called Katon Kiaja, that is to say, the governess of the noble young ladies. When there is a sultanness mother, she forms her court from their chamber, having the liberty to take as many young ladies as she pleases, and such as she likes best.

The grand signor very often permits the women to walk in the gardens of the seraglio. Upon such occasions they order all people to retire ; and on every side there is a guard of black eunuchs, with sabres in their hands, while others go their rounds in order to hinder any person from seeing them. If unfortunately any one is found in the garden, even through ignorance or inadvertence, he is undoubtedly killed, and his head brought to the feet of the grand signor, who gives a great reward to the guard for their vigilance.

Sometimes the grand signor passes into the gardens to amuse himself, when the women are there; and it is then that they make use of their utmost efforts, by dancing, singing, seducing gestures, and amorous blandishments, to ensnare the affections of the monarch.

‘ It is commonly believed that the grand signor may take to his bed all the women of his seraglio he has an inclination for, and when he pleases, but this is a vulgar error; it was the custom in former times, but the excessive expence in presents and bounties to the women who were so favoured by the grand signors, determined them to institute regulations that have been observed by all the succeeding monarchs by which the number, time, and etiquette of cohabiting with them is determined. It is very true, that at present, if the monarch pleases, he can break through all these rules, but he carefully avoids it, especially as it may likewise cost the lives of the girls who give particular pleasure to the prince. In the time of sultan Achmet they caused more than 150 women to be poisoned, who by their allurements had enticed the grand signor, at an improper season, to be connected with them. It is not permitted that the monarch should take a virgin to his bed except during the solemn festivals, and on occasion of some extraordinary rejoicings, or the arrival of some good news. Upon such occasions, if the sultan chooses a new companion to his bed, he enters into the apartment of the women, who are ranged in files by the governesses, to whom he speaks, and intimates the person he likes best: the ceremony of the handkerchief, which the grand signor is said to throw to the girl that he elects, is an idle tale, without any foundation. As soon as the grand signor has chosen the girl that he has destined to be partner of his bed, all the others follow her to the bath, washing and perfuming her, and dressing her superbly, conduct her singing, dancing, and rejoicing to the bed-chamber of the grand signor, who is generally, on such an occasion, already in bed. Scarcely has the new elected favourite entered the chamber, introduced by the grand eunuch who is upon guard, than she kneels down, and when the sultan calls her, she creeps into bed to him at the foot of the bed, if the sultan does not order her, by especial grace, to approach by the side: after a certain time, upon a signal given by the sultan, the governess of the girls, with all her suite, enters the apartment, and takes her back

again, conducting her with the same ceremony to the women's apartments; and if, by good fortune, she becomes pregnant, and is delivered of a boy, she is called *asaki sultanness*, that is to say, *sultanness mother*; for the first son, she has the honour to be crowned, and she has the liberty of forming her court, as before mentioned. Eunuchs are also assigned for her guard, and for her particular service. No other ladies, though delivered of boys, are either crowned, or maintained with such costly distinction as the first: however, they have their service apart, and handsome appointments. After the death of the sultan, the mothers of the male children are shut up in the old *seraglio*, from whence they can never come out any more, unless any of their sons ascend the throne.

Though we have already occupied several more pages than at first were intended with this work, yet we cannot resist the impulse of giving our author's account of the Amazons; of whom so much has been said by ancient writers, and who are supposed to have inhabited the country now described.

'As the tradition respecting the Amazons is still preserved in the Caucasus, I shall here quote, for the purpose of comparison, the accounts of these warlike females given by the ancients, and Herodotus in particular.—'When the Greeks,' says the father of history, 'had fought against the Amazons, whom the Scythians call *Ayor-Pata*, which name is rendered by the Greeks, in their language, *Androchtones* (men-killers), for *Ayor* in Scythian signifies a man, and *Pata* to kill; when, I say, they had engaged and defeated these people on the banks of the *Thermodon*, it is related that they carried away with them in three ships all such as they had made prisoners. When they had got out to sea, they rose upon their conquerors, and cut them all in pieces; but ignorant of navigation, and unskilled in the use of the helm, the sails, and the oars, they suffered the ships after they had killed the men, to drive at the will of the winds and waves, and landed at *Kremnes* on the *Mæotion Sea*. *Kremnes* was situated in the country of the independent Scythians. The Amazons, having here quitted their ships and penetrated into the inhabited districts, seized the first herd of horses which they met with in their way, mounted them, and plundered the country of the Scythians. The latter could not conceive who were these enemies with whose language and dress they were unacquainted. They knew not of course to what nation they belonged, and in their surprise were totally at a loss to imagine whence they came. They took them at first for young men of the same age, and came to an engagement with them.

after which they discovered from the slain that the intruders were women. They resolved in a council held on the subject to kill no more of them, but send a body of their youngest men, equal in number as nearly as they could guess to these female warriors, with directions to pitch their camp close to that of the Amazons, and to do what ever they saw them do; not to fight them, even in case they should be attacked, but to approach nearer and nearer to them when they desisted from hostilities. The Scythians took this resolution, because they wished to have children by those martial females.'

'The young men obeyed these orders: and the Amazons, finding that they had not come to do them any injury, left them unmolested, and the two camps kept daily approaching nearer to one another. The young Scythians, as well as the Amazons, had nothing but their arms and their horses, and subsisted like them by the chase and what booty they were able to make. About noon the Amazons quitted their camp singly or in pairs. The Scythians observing this did the same, and one of their number approached a solitary Amazon, who neither repulsed him or withheld her favours. As she could not speak to him, because neither of them understood the other, she intimated to him by signs to meet her at the same place the following day with one of his comrades, and she would also bring a companion along with her. The young man, on his return to the camp, related the adventure, and returned the next day with another Scythian to the spot, where he found the Amazon waiting for him with her companion.

'The other young men hearing of this circumstance, in like manner tamed the other Amazons, and, having united both camps, dwelt together with them, and each took to wife her whose favours he had first enjoyed. The young people could not learn the language of the Amazons, but these soon acquired that of their husbands; and when they began to understand one another, the Scythians thus addressed them: 'we have parents and possessions, and should like to lead a different kind of life. Let us rejoin our countrymen and live with them; but we promise not to take any other wives than you.' The Amazons replied: 'we cannot live in community with the women of your country, because their customs are totally different from ours: we bend the bow, we throw the javelin, we ride on horseback, and have not learned any of the manual employments of our sex. Your women do none of these things, but are engaged only in female avocations. They never leave their carriages, nor go out a hunting. We should therefore not agree at all together. But if you will keep your promise and have us for wives, go to your parents, demand your portion of their property, and then return and let us continue to live apart.'

'The young Scythians, convinced of the truth of these representations, complied with the desire of their wives, and when they had received their share of the patrimony, went back to them. The

Amazons then said to them, 'after separating you from your fathers and doing so much mischief to your country, we should be afraid to fix our residence here. As therefore you have taken us for your wives, let us remove from this place and dwell upon the other side of the Tanais.' The young Scythians agreed to this proposal: they crossed the Tanais; and having proceeded three days to the east, and as many towards the north from the Mæotis, they came to the country where they fixed their abode and which they yet inhabit. Hence the wives of the Sarmatians still retain their ancient customs. They ride on horseback, and hunt sometimes alone and at others in the company of their husbands. They also attend the latter in war, and wear the same dress with the men.

These travels will afford much gratification to the reader. After minute particulars of the inhabitants, and the country through which our enterprising traveller penetrated; he concludes with the following description of the capital of Georgia.

'Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, is situated in $61^{\circ} 57'$ east longitude, and in $41^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude, on the river Kur, which is called by the Georgians Mtk'wari, and runs through the middle of the city. At the spot where it leaves Tiflis it is closely hemmed in by rocks, and its current is very rapid. The proper name of this place is Tphilisi, or Tphilis K'alaki, that is, Warm City, which it has received from its fine warm baths. It is composed of three parts: Tphilisi proper is the most ancient, and here the baths are situated; it lies to the south-west of the Kur, and is very inconsiderable. K'ala, to the north of the preceding, on the west side of the river, is now the most populous portion of the city; and Issni, the suburb, communicates with the other two parts by the only bridge which here crosses the Kur. In the most ancient times Tphilisi was only a village, near which, however Warssa Bakur, the twenty-seventh king of Georgia, of the house of the Chosroes, during whose reign the country was ravaged by the Persians, erected the fortress of Schurissziche about A. D. 380. In 469 the valiant monarch Wachtang Gurgasslan (Wolf-lion) here founded the city of Tphilisi, which being afterwards destroyed by the Chasares, was rebuilt by Emir Agarian, and after the demolition of Mzchetha became the residence of the Bagrathions.

'That portion of the city lying westward of the Kur forms nearly a right-angled triangle, the longest side of which is next to the river; on the west it is encompassed by gardens, and its south side is bounded by a lofty ridge of calcareous marle, called Metech. Upon this ridge, near the Kur, is seated the fortress of Nerekla, whence a wall upwards of a werst long and sixteen feet high, with loop-holes, runs along the summit of the hill to the west to the fort of Schar-dachti, now in ruins. This wall, which then goes down, the

hill along the west and north side of the city to the Kur, is considered as the city-wall, though it includes a considerable part of the ridge of Metechi not covered with buildings. Beyond it to the south runs the rivulet Zawkissi, which comes from a village of the same name, traversing a deep dale inclosed with lofty perpendicular rocks, which in summer is much frequented on account of the shade and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere, and in which, near the town, are situated some gardens, that however are not worthy of notice. The walls of Tiflis which had been destroyed were rebuilt by Schach Abbas, who carried them on the south side of the city over the ridge of Ssolalani.

To the west of Tiflis is the lofty hill called Mta-tzminda, or the Holy; upon this hill stands a small and now decayed convent, concerning which many wonderful stories are related, and whither, about the end of May, great numbers, especially of females, make pilgrimages. Near it is the burial-place of the Catholics. To the north of Tiflis is the suburb of Garehubani, which is very populous and belongs to Tiflis proper, in the same manner as Awlabari is accounted part of Issni.

The city itself makes a very mean appearance; for since the last destruction by Agha Mohammed Chan, in September 1795, great part of it resembles a heap of rubbish, not more than two-thirds of the houses having been rebuilt. The streets are so narrow that the most spacious of them are barely wide enough to admit an arba without inconvenience; whereas in the cross streets there is scarcely room for a horseman, and in dirty weather two pedestrians often find it difficult to pass one another. The houses are carelessly built in the Georgian fashion, of bricks and rough stones intermixed and cemented with dung or clay, so that they scarcely ever stand more than 15 years. The city has but three gates; the Sophi, the Muchrani, and on the south side the Gandsha, or Bath-gate. On the other side of the Kur lies the more modern suburb of Awlabari, inhabited by Syrians and Kurds. Tiflis formerly contained 15 Greek churches, in which divine worship is performed in the Old Georgian language, 20 Armenian and two Catholic, the most ancient of which called Chareba is dedicated to St. Joseph; but having been cracked in several places by a violent earthquake it is now nodding to its fall. The other was erected a few years since under the imperial patronage, and is not yet quite finished, though divine service is already held there. Contiguous to it is the new dwelling of the Capuchin missionaries, who have at present three fathers at this place. Besides the churches there are still two Messdsheds at Tiflis, one of which is appropriated to the Persians who are followers of Ali, and the other to the Sunnite Tartars: the latter was destroyed by Agha Mohammed, but its beautiful minaret is yet standing. It was built by Isaac Pascha, the Turkish general, in 1710. The house of the governor of Georgia (Prawitel Grusia), at present Fedor Isaiitsch Achwerdow, general of Artillery, is situated in an open place on the Kur, where formerly stood

The magnificent palace built in the Asiatic style by King Rostom, in 1658, and described by Chardin. A beginning has lately been made to erect there a spacious edifice for transacting the business of the crown. Besides these there is not one large or prominent building in the whole city: some Georgian princes, accustomed to the Russian manners, have indeed erected for themselves habitations which commonly have two stories, and a gallery running round them; but with these exceptions no other objects meet the eye than wretched stone huts, most of which are extremely filthy. Windows are to be found in very few of them; instead of these they have but holes, which are not always so much as stopped up with oiled paper.

Tiflis has two markets (*Basari*), containing together 704 shops kept principally by Armenian, Tartar, and Georgian tradesmen; for here are but very few Russians, who expose their goods for sale in what is called the Armenian basar. These markets comprehend, according to the Asiatic fashion, the work-shops of all the artisans. You here find a whole street inhabited exclusively by shoemakers, another occupied by the shops of cap-makers, and a third by those of smiths. Silk-spinners, silversmiths, gun-makers, and sword-cutlers, all pursue their respective occupations, and by their public industry afford a pleasing spectacle to the traveller, so that the basar is one of the most interesting walks in Tiflis.

In the shops you meet with Russian, German, Tartar, and Persian manufactures; but all extravagantly dear; and it is a singular fact, that at St. Petersburg and Moscow, Asiatic fabric, such as shawls and silks, may be purchased much cheaper than at Tiflis.

The population of Tiflis, exclusively of the Russian civil officers resident there and the garrison, is computed at 18,000 souls, nearly half of whom are Armenians.

Tiflis, like all Georgia, was formerly a very poor place; but the industry of the Armenians, the great quantity of specie brought thither from Russia, and an uninterrupted traffic with the Tartars and Persians, have greatly improved the circumstances of the inhabitants. The Turkish trade with Achulziche and Asia Minor is now totally at a stand on account of the war.

The celebrated warm baths here were once very magnificent, but are now much decayed; yet most of them are still floored and lined with marble. The water contains only a small proportion of sulphur, but is extremely salubrious. The natives, and the women in particular, carry their fondness for bathing to such excess, that they frequently remain in the baths for a whole day together, and have their meals brought thither to them from their own houses. From the use of the bath twice a week at Tiflis, I and my whole retinue experienced great benefit. Beyond the suburb and fortress of Issni on the right side of the Kur, sulphur was formerly refined in caverns in the rocks, but the practice is now discontinued. The sulphur was sublimated from a kind of stone mixed

with gravel, and placed in a close oven in alternate layers with charcoal. Water containing vitriol yet drops from the sides of a wide-cleft in the rocks. Near the baths on Mount Thabori formerly stood a fortress, now destroyed, which was the residence of the Sseids, appointed by the Schah Sefi of Persia, and was therefore denominated in Persian Sseidabad.

'About three wersts below Tiflis, the Kur forms several islands which are covered with gardens where very good fruit is raised; but it is seldom to be had perfectly ripe at Tiflis, because the greedy and ignorant Georgian peasants gather it all before it has arrived at maturity; and hence arise frequent dysenteries in summer and autumn. Thus, for instance, though the whole country round Tiflis abounds with almond-trees, you never see any of their produce offered for sale; but the Persian are taken for this purpose, because they are plucked while yet quite green.

'The hills near Tiflis, which I reckon as belonging to the first range of the Ararat, which is separated by the Kur from the Caucasian mountains, are composed of marle, calcareous marle, slate and sand-stone, upon a base of dry brown-gray clay slate. In the clefts of the marle you meet with frequent veins of fibrous lime-stone, and likewise gypsum and talc.—Sulphurous gravel occurs in the tabular slate, and often converts it into a real alum-slate. The soil about Tiflis is clayey, and in many places mixed with calcareous sand. Horne-stone covered with indurated green earth nearly resembling jasper, is to be found in the vally of the rivulet Zawk'issi.'

ART. III.—*Bouverie*, the Pupil of the World; a novel, in five volumes. By Anthony Frederick Holstein. 12mo. Pp. 239, 251, 298, 286, 242. Newman and Co. 1814.

To follow a modern novel through five volumes, however pleasing to some readers, is what we term a tedious post in the road of literature. The author now before us, began his literary career, *full three years ago*, with a two volume romance: within which compass was contained much of interest...more perhaps than the whole five we have just laboured through. In the prefatory remarks upon this voluminous work, he would have us believe that in reflecting on the many which have issued from his pen within the last *three years*, he trembles (at the consequences we presume). He however sports in the fancied character of his own reviewer; and pronounces his 'rapid publication' to evince 'too much of the temerity and rashness of youth'... that he is 'happy in exploring the regions of fiction'...has a 'sort of talent for *investigating characters*,' &c. He then calls to his aid the maxims of lady Mary Wortley Montague,

to whom he pays devotion for her 'three essentials necessary to rise and appear to advantage in the great sphere of action, IMPUDENCE first, second and third.' In addition to this example we are told that 'another female writer of considerable eminence has affirmed, that diffidence and humility are the great obstacles with which an author has to contend.' Under the tuition of such fair preceptors, we marvel not at their disciple's avowed contempt of 'mere romance scribblers'... the vauntings of former sales and circulations as 'fortunate for fame and emolument'; nor at the entrance of this 'pupil' into 'the world' being announced by the blast of his own trumpet, neither shall we be influenced in our opinion, by this side decision of his own fate. The next remark, we are however glad to find in some degree controverts the quoted authorities; that is a confessed 'dread and diffidence'... of what? why, 'lest the ordeal of criticism should affirm that he *writes too much*, the most appalling verdict,' adds this 'pupil of the world,' 'I could hear pronounced.'

This is a sort of dangerous 'badinage' in an author of three years standing, and which we greatly fear may lead the fastidious reader to look for a 'truism' in his preface, notwithstanding his avowal of the work being a fiction.

A slight examination of some of the prominent features of *Bouverie*, may, however, rescue him from that fate which he conceives he has already braved, or commit him, in good earnest, 'to the commonality of mere romance scribblers'; an ordeal which he seems rather to court than to deprecate.

One of the principal characters, which our 'investigating' author introduces, is certainly a very necessary appendage in a novel;...a widow, who has an unaccountable *penchant* for match-making, or as she facetiously calls it *manœuvring*. The opening scene of this good lady's talents, are at her country seat, situate close to that of the noble family of Athlone, but now reduced to five maiden sisters, Margaret, Harriet, Jane, Octavia, and Phillippa. The contrasted characters of these young ladies is a principal source of eking out these five volumes. The eldest, disappointed in her first love, makes a vow of celibacy; another is under the eternal influence of *ennui*; a third sentimental; a fourth, the heroine of the tale, and all inflated with the pride of a decayed noble house; but the fifth, educated by a sixth sister, who, horrid thought! married a plebeian, a child of

nature, or *unsophisticated*, (expletive word) as our author designates her. This bevy of beauty are allowed by the heir of the family, an alien to them, the old family mansion....the old state coach, horses and servants; and they live together there in splendid poverty, but in the greatest harmony with each other, and without a single male protector or companion. Mrs. Davenport, offers her services to provide one or more with a husband; or as she quaintly observes, to be their *bell-weather*. To this end, she gives a ball at her own house to the neighbouring gentry, with a view to catch the hero, Bouverie, a wealthy young baronet, and the 'pupil of the world,' in the bewitching snares of Octavia, her favourite fair of the house of Athlone. The first introduction, or *manœuvre* as the widow calls it, we shall give in our author's words.

"My sweet young friends," she said, as the fair Athlones entered, "I must shake hands with each—but twice, Octavia, I believe, with you, my lovely favourite," she added in a low whisper; "your beau is not yet arrived; he is unusually late at all our parties—indeed, I fear he is half spoiled already; and if you do not correct, chastise, and break him into proper boundaries, he will soon grow beyond female subjugation: only observe how all these girls are thronging round that door of entrance, for no other earthly purpose but to seize the envied prize; but you, you Octavia, must bear him off—I have decided upon that: sir Clement Bouverie, the resistless sir Clement Bouverie, with family," she added, with a smile, "almost coeval with that of Athlone, and a clear nine thousand a-year, is the husband worthy of my sweet blessing favourite. Farewell, for the present; but in the interim, follow my advice, and stay in this room till he enters; it is bad policy to be last amid the crowd; men, in this degenerate day, do not take the trouble to seek a woman, let her attractions be what they may; and you must manœuvre better than to suffer yourself to be superseded the first part of the evening; entangle an admirer then, and he seldom exerts sufficient philosophy to desert for the remainder—adieu for a while; I have given you much worldly counsel in a short compass; another circle demands my attention."

"This room is very cold," said Margaret, joining Octavia, as Mrs. Davenport retreated; "had we not better proceed to the inner drawing-room?"

"Cold! by no means; at least I am sufficiently warm; I do not find it by any means cold."

"Well," said Jane, with sarcastic tone, "but Bouverie may be in the adjoining rooms amid the throng; you had forgotten that, Octavia."

"No, no," returned Phillippa, shaking her head carelessly, "he is not yet come; I heard Mrs. Davenport say so just now to that party on your left, who were inquiring for him; therefore you and Margaret may partake of the warmth of the next room, while I remain with Octavia here, to see him the moment he enters."

"Oh no, indeed, I have no such wish," she hastily replied, upon finding her scheme discovered; "I have no intention to linger here for him either; so lead the way, Margaret."

And thus did the fear of a family-quiz surmount the most prominent desire in the bosom of the lovely girl; arm-in-arm, therefore, the sisters walked through the costly and superbly-decorated apartments of Elmwood, pausing at intervals to address this or that acquaintance who crossed their path, or sought to arrest their attention.

Half-an-hour had thus passed away, while the conversation was frequently interrupted by the inquiries of Phillippa whether this or the other stranger were not *the one* in question, replied to by Octavia's almost petulant *no*, at her own disappointment and her sister's incessant mistakes, when at length a buzzing noise of female voices, proceeding from a group near them, struck upon the ear of the anxious Phillippa, and the deeply interested one of Octavia, as, pressing towards him, he was thus saluted—"Oh dear, sir Clement, you are arrived at last; we are rejoiced you are come to animate our circle," exclaimed the first.

"Your cold, I trust, is entirely recovered?" inquired the second.

"Your favourite horse has not been materially injured, I hope, by his accident?" added another—interrupted by

"What is become of the brace of pointers I prevailed upon my father to add to your kennel? I hope the pretty creatures created no jealousy among their new associates for your favour?"

As these different queries rapidly flowed upon the ear of the stranger, the astonished and *naïve* Phillippa, with inconceivable amazement, saw that all which concerned Bouverie were objects of inquiry and interest; while many a gloveless hand was extended to invite the approach of his, many a gracious smile welcomed his address, and many an anxious look implored it.

The eyes of Octavia were turned perhaps affectedly away, as she seemed to listen to the compliments of captain Anson, while, in fact, she comprehended not a syllable he uttered.

An expression of amazement was all that the countenance of Phillippa exhibited at the sight of the much-extolled hero of the night, and slipping her arm from that of her sister, she moved forward to obtain a better view on the side where Jane stood, and almost immediately sir Clement passing close by her, became stationary in her vicinity.

To a fashionably-elegant, rather than a critically-fine figure, was united a face where features of even a plain cast were moulded—

"Gracious Heavens! is this frightful hideous man the famed Bouverie!" exclaimed Philippa; "the very idea of that countenance inspiring love—universal love, is the most preposterous absurdity I ever heard of! why you have all conspired to quiz me—I never, no never was so provoked and so disappointed in my life."

"Hush, Philippa; how unguardedly you speak; and how unpolished your tone always is! pray be more careful," replied Jane.

The warning came too late; the words of observation had reached the ear of Bouverie; he turned to survey the speaker, smiled graciously upon her, spoke again to the lady with whom he was conversing, and looked yet again more complacently on the critical observer.

Philippa coloured; it was unusual for her to be embarrassed or abashed; yet she felt strangely perplexed at the moment, for there was something in the smile of Bouverie which extracted repellence from his features, while an air of intelligent animation diffusing itself over them, seemed as if the *mind* which pervaded was forcibly calculated to counteract those ordinary lineaments that had at first so much, we had almost said, shocked her; for there was now a luminous brilliance thrown over their clouded expanse.

"Like lightning o'er the midnight sky."

"How greatly I admire candour!" continued sir Clement to the companion he at that moment distinguished by his immediate attention; and his voice was sensibly raised as he spoke, perhaps in order that Philippa herself might catch the observation—"I never saw a happier countenance than that," he added, as he again surveyed the junior Athlone; "the heart speaks in that face; it tells a tale of truth, in a light, easy, and sportive style;" and again the baronet moved on, to gratify another, and another, blooming Hebe of the night by his notice.

Octavia, with palpitating bosom, marked each step of Bouverie, and at every turn expected to become next the object of more permanent attention; but her hope was fallacious; sir Clement addressed all around her vicinity, but his eyes never for a moment fixed on her—to imagine that he saw her not, was, perhaps, more mortifying than to conclude he avoided her purposely; and if this seems a doubtful point to my fair readers, let them refer to Cupid to decide it.

It however appears that Bouverie was proof against the wiles of the widow and her protégée, and that lady Ann Lismore commanded his chief attention; whose character, as another instance of our author's *investigation* in that particular we shall also quote.

"Then gaze and admire!" returned sir Clement; it is the lady's command, for see, the imperious beauty challenges attention by her stately enterprising step, and the motto of '*I dare*' might not inaptly figure on her escutcheon of pretence; her masculine Roman features, her intrepid eyes, her long and large-formed limbs, her air of defiance, her dauntless carriage, the glowing healthful bloom of those cheeks, and the clear transparent brown of the warm, but all-lovely brunette complexion, announce her who has so long been distinguished as the Albion huntress.

"Since you have delineated her person so accurately, pray favour us also with a sketch of her mind," said Octavia.

"Its leading traits," returned the former, "are acknowledged to be a passion for notoriety, and a love for independence: she has a cabriolet of peculiar construction, in which she drives herself about the country solo; and this she distinguishes by her favourite word, for she calls it '*The independent*;' yet, although resolved never to be fettered by that sovereign lord a husband, she is still most anxious for, most covetous of admiration, and where she despairs of this, astonishment is the substitute. Hunting, shooting, and playing billiards" are her ladyship's favourite amusements; '*the independent*' is to be seen on every race-ground of repute in England; she has travelled over this her native isle, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, attended only by her domestics; and by the very dauntless manner in which she exposes her reputation, she preserves it; for it really appears more than generally believed, for it is universally so, that conscious innocence alone can render her so fearless of animadversion; yet is it a dangerous example for imitation--but her ladyship approaches, and beckons me towards her; such commands are not to be disputed;" and the speaker rose as he concluded, to meet her on whom he had just so severely and diffusively commented.

"The arm of lady Ana was immediately linked within his, and proceeding towards an Egyptian sofa, placed in the recess of a window opened for the relief of the dancers, they seated themselves; and although it appeared that her ladyship was the amuser, yet certainly Bouverie sat as the devoted listener."

The mortification which our heroine underwent after leaving the ball room was soothed in different ways by her affectionate sisters. Our author too, on this cruel disappointment, thus moralises.

"But the careless sons of fashion and dissipation laugh at the chains of wedlock and the consequent bondage its institution imposes; how few comparatively have the courage to stand the quizzing smile, the arch oblique, the pointed raillery that almost invariably attends the first discovery of serious addresses! and more men have been jeered out of an attachment that might have secured to themselves future happiness, than have been reasoned into the subversion of an irrational one; for ridicule and not philosophy is now the potent enemy of love."

If this should be comprehended by the novelist, we confess that we cannot perfectly perceive the point aimed at ; nor can we impute to the female understanding in matters of sincerity, either the *quizzing* smiles, the arch oblique, or pointed raillery.

In turning over a score or two more pages we find that our hero, this *Adonis* of the female sex, a veteran, by-the-bye, in dissipation, had long avowed his determination of never leading the fair one to the altar. This too, the hero himself thus discovers in naming his intended journey to London with a youth whom he patronised.

‘He (the youth) visits the metropolis with me for the first time this winter ; and although still young myself, (thirty was admitted) yet being a veteran devotee at the shrine of dissipation, I mean to Mentor my Telemachus through the Isle of Pleasure, and warn him by experience from the shoals and dangers of that foreign land.’

Such was the observation of this gallant man before the sentimental Miss Athlones, who surely could not comprehend that this dangerous place was London, that seat of gaiety and elegance. Poor Octavia whom her sister Phillippa calls ‘not only a *stricken* but a *blind deer*,’ is supposed thus to feel ‘a natural pang as she thus heard Bouverie so coolly proclaim himself, a *veteran devotee in dissipation* ;’ but by others, it was accepted as a mere passing *truism*.

The widow Davenport, it seems was not discouraged. ‘To determine and conquer was the same,’ and in page 47 of the second volume we find her executing another of her ‘*manœuvres*’ by placing the hand of Octavia under a specious pretence under the arm of Bouverie during a morning’s walk, but with no better effect ; the ‘pupil of the world’ had no *penchant* for Octavia. Again foiled, the widow becomes desperate, and plans another artifice to gain her point.

‘Come my sweet girl, no pallid cheeks, no tears ; these are not the weapons wherewith to conquer the arrogant male flirts of our day, men now hate your sighing, sickly fair, your languid, fragile, sentimental forms and pensive faces ; the gossamer beauty has even been exploded from the very romance of our day, and rounded Persian limbs, carmined cheeks, and lavish bosoms, now better suit the taste of our young voluptuaries. Soul and animation must meet and adorn the countenance, while the spirit of vivacity, not the interest of woe, must distinguish those eyes that would successively strike the heart of a fashionist with their electric sparks.’

“ Ah, Mrs. Davenport, I am too little *au fait* in dissimulation to ‘ carry sunshine in my face when discontent sits heavy at my heart,’ I might perhaps have used a still stronger term ; for in vain do I seek to veil my weakness ; you, my friend, have long penetrated my bosom secret ; and alas ! knowing its object, can you wonder that fears prevail ? ”

“ They are the most fatal and most dangerous enemies to your cause that you could have to encounter,” replied the intrepid Machiavel ; “ confidence in success has gained fiercer battles than those of love ; it is thus even with our tars, who, fearless and dauntless, view meeting and conquering the foe as synonymous : troops led on by an experienced and triumphant general always possess that sanguine intrepidity which gains the day ; but when that term unfortunate, or more trite one of *unlucky*, is attached to the chieftain, what panic will spread through the ranks ! and how often does that single omission of confidence mar a brilliant prospect ! Consider me then, dear Octavia, as the victorious general, and I will lead you on to triumph ; for never have I yet failed in the achievement of a matrimonial enterprise upon which I have once determined. Be dauntless then ; suffer not apparent obstacles to repress your mind from exertion, nor despondence to fade that beauty which is now your principal dependence. I know sir Clement Bouverie not to be mercenary ; fortune with him, I am convinced, would have no influence in matrimony ; and all besides are yours to command—personal loveliness, family connexions, conversation, and sweetly-resistless manner, which needs not even fashion to aid its powers of fascination. Octavia, will you then accept me for your leader ? ” said the widow, smiling playfully, and resting one arm affectionately on her shoulder ; “ shall I initiate you into the school of war, and bring the rebel Bouverie in chains to your feet ? but remember, once a deserter from my standard, and you can never again rally beneath my banners ; and the shot of Cupid may then prove quite as terrifically fatal to the offender as that inflicted by martial law.”

“ The half-willing, half-reluctant hand of Octavia met that of her privy counsellor ; what she was about to say was interrupted by the widow, who resumed—“ Thus then we unite our powers, and summon to the field the whole strength of our force ; we ratify our compact——”

This disposition of force, or rather, the influence of Cupid, the great *manœuvre*, consisted in their following the Adonis to London in the fashionable month of February. Thither the match-maker carried her protégée, and soon found an opportunity of again placing her hand under his arm....of matching them in dances....of drawing them together at routs, Kensington Gardens and Vauxhall, *malgré* the

decline of winter. All these *manœuvres*, however, not only prove abortive, but tend to very awkward embarrassments, and involve 'the pupil of the world,' who aimed alone at foiling the attempts of the widow, into serious difficulties, from the impression of his treating our heroine with neglect, if not dishonour.

In the description of these *manœuvres* and their consequences, many pages (we had nearly said two or three volumes) are occupied; and after all the widow did not succeed....for the hero was not wedded to the heroine. The former, after being deprived upon solemn argument in the courts of law, of the titles and estates of the family of Bouverie, was rewarded by one of those strange discoveries, yet consistent enough in this place, in the Earldom of Athlone; consequently the bar of consanguinity was suddenly placed between him and Octavia Athlone. He is, finally, restored to his first and long lost love; while our heroine and sister Jane, through 'The errors of pride, render their matrimonial adventures the source of their unhappiness. Harriet Athlone remains in her natural indolence, and with Margaret, the eldest and most consistent of the five sisters, is left at Abbey Grove, the old family seat, to console themselves on having never tarnished the honour of their illustrious ancestors. The sister of nature, or the little plebeian, as her inflated sisters denominate her, became happy under the protection of a husband in an honest citizen.

Slight as the materials are of the main plot of this novel, there are some episodes which create considerable interest. The melancholy fate of William Evelyn....the story of Venoni....the pure love of lady Sarah Walford for the hero of the leading tale, and her fatal shipwreck....the mental sufferings of lady Morville, who, at length is united to Bouverie when Earl of Athlone....and the matrimonial escape of a Derbyshire gentlemen from a love adventure with the haughty Jane Athlone, are well told and excite considerable interest; and had our author written *less*, we are of opinion he would have been *more* successful.

Art. IV.—*Mystery and Confidence*, a tale; by a Lady, in three volumes. Pp. 230, 221, 199. Colburn. 1814.

Though these volumes come before us in an anonymous guise, yet we have found in them something superior to

the productions of many fair attendants in the literary vineyard; who bring forth their fruits under sweet sounding names, followed up with a list of former labours. This tale is naturally told, and it also possesses the advantage of being disencumbered from episodes, under plots, and counterplots, which, of late years, chilling thought! seems to have become necessary to eke out five or six volumes of novel or romance. It contains one clear unbroken chain of events, connected by a moral, interesting and unaffected narrative.

The honest and hospitable inhabitants of the interior of Wales, are a happy relief to the scenes of the fashionable follies in the western part of the metropolis; hence we find Ellen, the blooming and unsophisticated heroine of the tale, little at ease among the studied beauties of a London rout. The mystery here is well managed, the unfolding from time to time prolonged by the interposition of events divested of inconsistency, and without the narrator having recourse to the marvellous. Confidence too, here arises from an amiable motive; for, what virtuous wife would not place implicit confidence in a tender husband? in him the unequal workings of a mind loaded with suspicion of the commission of a dreadful crime, of which, however, in the sequel it appears he is innocent; and the soothing of the affectionate partaker of his woes, are given with the ability of a successful sentimental dramatist.

ART. V. — *An Attempt to establish a pure scientific System of Mineralogy*, by the application of the electro-chemical theory, and the chemical proportions; by J. J. Berzelius, M. D. F. R. S. professor of chemistry at Stockholm. Translated from the Swedish original. By John Black. Octavo. Pp. 138. 6s. Baldwin. 1814.

No science appears to be more eagerly, and more deservedly, cultivated in Great Britain, than that of chemistry; and no professor, possibly, is better calculated to enlarge the study, by new and important views, than M. Berzelius. He has already enriched the arts and sciences by his profound labours, by his uncommon precision, and by his indefatigable industry.

This gentleman is a native of Sweden....a country peculiarly known to possess vast treasures in mineralogical lore; and it is admitted, on our best authorities, that Berzelius is, by far, the most eminent among the Swedish chemists. He

has published a vast deal, is remarkable for the ingenuity of his views, and the perspicuity of his experiments. Like Scheele, he appears to have directed the whole of his thoughts, and to have turned the whole bent of his mind, to the study of chemistry alone.

In tracing the origin of this science, we direct our views to Sweden. Not to notice the mineralogy of Linnæus, nor of Wallerius, although both possessed considerable merit, we confine ourselves to the mineralogy of Cronstedt, as the true origin of the science, for to him we are indebted for the chemical composition and classification of minerals.

The chemical analyzes of Braudt and Cronstedt, and Alwake, Scheele and Bergman, served to make us acquainted with the constituents of many minerals, and thus to class them into accurate species ; but, of the present day, the most eminent chemist is Berzelius.

The original of this essay appeared, as we are instructed, at Stockholm in the spring of the present year, and the author having obligingly sent a copy of it, on its immediate publication, to Mr. Thomas Thomson....we presume the traveller in Sweden....the translation was undertaken by Mr. Black, and compared and collated by Mr. Thomson, who pledges himself for the fidelity of the undertaking.

Disposed to receive this pledge with confidence, it is, probably, superfluous to remark, that by so doing we compliment Mr. Thomson, for he assures us in his travels that the number of scientific readers in Sweden is so small, and the knowledge of the Swedish language so circumscribed, in foreign countries, that there is hardly sufficient encouragement to publish scientific works in the language of that country. Their libraries even do not consist in Swedish, but in German, French, and English books.

With these opinions, we turn to the system illustrated by the object of our review.

The first system of mineralogy, says our scientific author, originated in the want felt, by the collector of minerals, of some kind of arrangement in his collection.

At this period, we believe, the composition of minerals was little known, and system was consequently founded on arbitrary principles. But, in proportion as scientific information became more diffused, endeavours were made to advance mineralogy to an equality with other branches of knowledge. Unorganised nature was, by Linnæus, classed

according to the rules of organised nature. Chemistry, was discovered to have an influence over the discoveries of the mineral kingdom, till by slow, but unremitting progress, the study has assumed the dignity of a science.

‘ Mineralogy, in the usual acceptation of the word, is the science, which treats of the combination between the unorganic elements which are found upon or beneath the surface of the earth, together with the various forms, and the different foreign admixtures, under which these bodies make their appearance.

‘ The knowledge of the combinations themselves, their composition of chemical properties, belongs to chemistry; so that mineralogy, in a scientific point of view, may be considered as a part or appendage in chemistry.

‘ Chemistry, considered as an entire and perfect science, makes us acquainted with the elements, with all the combinations of which they are susceptible, together with all the forms under which these combinations may make their appearance.

‘ If we represent to ourselves chemistry in a state of perfection, subjected to a systematic arrangement, it must give us a description not only of the combinations which our investigations have discovered to be produced by nature, but it must also teach us all those which may hereafter be discovered as such, together with all those which are possible, though they never can make their appearance as fossils. This complete and perfect chemistry should, in the case of every combination, notice whether it appears as a mineral, and, if so, the different forms and shapes under which it is produced, the foreign ingredients by which it is usually rendered impure, or which may be mechanically blended with it; so that the province of chemistry extends beyond our laboratories to the great and astonishing workshop of nature.

‘ Let us represent to ourselves a branch of this perfect chemistry containing all that relates to the combinations which appear as minerals. This branch is *mineralogy in its perfect state*.

‘ It is beyond the limits of our feeble powers to bring any science to a state of perfection; for in that case all the sciences would be blended together into one. The quantity of knowledge however of which one man can make himself master is so circumscribed, that both from a regard to the imperfect state of the sciences, and the necessity of distributing them in such a manner that our whole species, taken together and considered as one individual, may possess all the acquisitions in every branch of science which one man can never do, we are reduced to the necessity of treating subjects belonging to the same department of knowledge under the form of separate sciences. This is no doubt the reason why mineralogy has always been considered as a separate science; but it is evident that it must go step for step with chemistry, and that every revolution in chemical

doctrines must overturn those of mineralogy, in the same manner as the discoveries in the peculiar province of the latter must extend the boundaries of both.

Again, if mineralogy in itself is merely a branch of chemistry, it is clear that it can have no other scientific foundation for its arrangement than a chemical one, and that every other is altogether foreign to mineralogy as a science. The prevailing theory and arrangement therefore of chemistry for the time must be also that of mineralogy. If this has not always hitherto been the case, it must be attributed on the one hand to the recentness of the period during which chemistry has received its great improvements, and on the other to the circumstances that the framers of systems of mineralogy have not previously applied themselves with equal zeal and success to chemistry, and consequently have not been enabled to perceive the necessary connexion between them.

In the verbal disputations between the partisans of Werner and Haüy on the subject of the merits of their respective schools, the latter have often been asked if the mineralogist must always require the analysis of the chemist to enable him to examine a mineral? This question always distinguishes the collector of stones from the mineralogist. The former merely seeks a name for his minerals, while the latter endeavours to become acquainted with their nature.

The arrangement of minerals according to their external characters has not been so successful in facilitating our knowledge of them, as a similar arrangement has been in organised nature. In the latter we everywhere observe the greatest similarity of combination with the greatest diversity of form, and the character of the living body is derived from the form. But in inanimate nature we everywhere perceive the greatest similarity of external form under the greatest diversity of combination. The character of these bodies therefore altogether depends on the quality and quantity of the internal fundamental mixture, so that a diversity in the latter is always accompanied by a diversity in the former; but chemistry is not yet on a footing to enable us from the one to draw any conclusion respecting the other. A mineralogical arrangement founded on the external and easily perceived characters of fossils is extremely convenient for those who study mineralogy without the assistance of an experienced master and an ample collection, and who are often obliged to enquire the names of minerals with which they are unacquainted. But this arrangement is not a scientific system, in which conveniency never enters as a principle; and which requires the utmost strictness of which science will admit. When accuracy and facility can be associated together, the advantage is no doubt great; but if this cannot be effected, the former must not be sacrificed for the sake of the latter. If therefore the scientific arrangement of mineralogy does not afford the highest degree of facility in the external examination of minerals, no system

merely founded on this advantage can have its claim allowed for more than to rank after the proper system, as an index ranks after a book.

Through the influence of electricity on the theory of chemistry, this last science has experienced a revolution, and received a greater and more important accession of influence, than it did through the doctrines of either Stahl or Lavoisier. The influence of the electro-chemical theory extends even to mineralogy, whose doctrines must receive an equal extension with those of the parent science, although no attempt has yet been made to apply this theory to mineralogy.

From the electro-chemical theory we have been taught to seek in every compound body for the ingredients of opposite electro-chemical properties, and we have learned from it that the combinations cohere with a force which is proportionate to the degree of opposition in the electro-chemical nature of the ingredients. Hence it follows that in every compound body there are one or more electro-positive with one or more electro-negative ingredients, which, as the combination consist of oxides, means the same as that every body in the combination, called by us a basis, must be answered by another which acts the part of an acid, even supposing that in its isolated situation does not possess the general characters for which acids are distinguished, namely, a sour taste, and the property of changing vegetable blues to red. The body, which is in one case electro-negative when combined with a stronger electro-positive, that is which is acid when combined with a stronger basis, may in another case be electro-positive, and be united to a stronger electro-negative body, or, which is the same thing, may be the basis to a stronger acid. Thus in the union of two acids the weaker acid serves as the basis to the stronger.'

Having thus analyzed the continuation of two or more oxides, M. Berzelius proceeds in his classic demonstration ...a demonstration honourable to his talents, and precious to the information of the student.

Proceeding, he directs the attention to circumstances which contributed to conceal the existence of chemical proportions in mineralogy—grand considerations, by the observance of which, analysis, conducted with due circumspection, may eventually become coincident with chemical proportion.

On this subject our author comments with his usually acknowledged science ; and, the that student may, the more readily, be enabled to determine how far his theoretical problems, may be found just or otherwise, Berzelius adds examples, not only of the simple, but of the double and higher

siliciates, taking them respectively, in their single and complex operations.

This analysis he pursues to exposition, previously to which, however, he states, what he considers to be proportional degrees of oxygenation. This analysis embraces the following orders.

3d order....Stibiets. 4th order....Tellurets. 5th order....Aurets. 6th order....Hydrargyrets. 7th order....Carbonates. 8th order....Muriates.

Iron family. 1st order....Native Iron. 2d order....Sulphurets. 3d order....Carburets. 4th order....Arseniets. 5th order....Tellurets. 6th order....Oxides. 7th order....Sulphates. 8th order....Phosphates. 9th order....Carbonates. 10th order....Arseniates. 11th order....Chromates. 12th order....Tungstates. 13th order....Siliciates.

* This exposition seems to demonstrate that the double silicate of iron and alumina, like many other siliciates, especially siliciates of lime, magnesia, and manganese, may form garnet-shaped minerals, in the same manner as sulphate of alumina forms with potash and with ammonia such similar salts, that we often take the latter for alum.

* Siliciates of iron occur in very great abundance in minerals; for example, in mica, abestus, tremolite, tourmaline, actinolite, chlorite, prehnite, &c. but in the present state of chemical analysis it is altogether impossible to calculate the composition of a mineral containing iron with any degree of certainty. Klaproth began to determine the contents of oxide of iron by mixing the oxide obtained in the analysis with oil, and burning it afterwards in a vessel half covered, on the supposition that the oil would always reduce the oxide to a definite degree, to which the result of the analysis could then be compared. But this procedure is so inaccurate that we never can depend upon the proportion of iron found; for the oxide of iron is reduced by the oil, in a slight burning, not merely to a protoxide but to a metal. If this burning be continued with the access of air, the metal is again oxidated, and usually forms *oxidum ferroso ferricum*; but we can never calculate on this taking place completely, or be sure that it has in no degree been over-oxidated. It would be better therefore, in all future analyses, to determine the contents of iron from the weight of the red oxide. In all the calculations of minerals containing protoxide, which I have already adduced, I have made a correction, founded on the supposition, that what in the result of the analysis is given as derived from oxide of iron burnt with oil was *oxidum ferroso-ferricum*, which contains 28.14 per cent. oxygen, and I am of opinion that in most cases we shall in this way come pretty near to the truth.

‘ But there remains another question in mineral analysis much more difficult of solution. In what degree of oxidation does this iron appear in the mineral? It is absolutely necessary for scientific mineralogy to find a method to determine this. The iron may, for instance, be partly protoxide, partly *oxidum ferroso-ferricum*, probably in more than one proportion between both oxides, and partly peroxide. When this latter appears, it is usually most easily recognizable, especially from the colour of the mineral, which is then yellow and red, or gives a powder of that colour: but then to distinguish between the two former from the colour is difficult if not impossible. It is true, for example, that *sulphas ferrosus* has a blue-green colour, where *sulphas ferroso-ferricus* has a grass-green one; but this proves nothing for other cases; for *prussias ferrosus* is white, whereas *prussias ferroso-ferricus* is dark blue. I must therefore recommend it to those who occupy themselves with the analysis of minerals, to endeavour to find out secure means for recognizing the state of oxidation in which the iron is found in the minerals. The same observation applies to manganese.

14th order....Tantalates. 15th order....Titaniates. 16th order....Hydrates. The family of *aluminium* succeeds, classed in its respective orders, and illustrated by formulae, and luminous dissertation. Tables follow.

The one consists in five columns. The first to express the name of the body. The second, the chemical sign; the third, the weight of every particle, or the proper weight of the body in the gaseous form compared with that of the oxygen as unity. The fourth and fifth shew the minima and maxima when the experiment was performed which gave occasion to them.

The second table exhibits the number of particles of the oxygen in the oxides hitherto known, taking the radicals as a particle.

‘ With the assistance of this and the former Table, the numerical composition of every one of these oxides may be calculated. Suppose we want to calculate the composition of oxide of gold, (*oxidum auricum* :) in the first Table we find that a particle of gold weighs 2483·8, and a particle of oxygen 100; and from the second Table, that the oxide of gold consists of 2483·8 gold + 300 parts oxygen; consequently a particle of the oxide of gold must weigh 2783·8. But as $2783·8 : 300 = 100 : 10·78$, consequently the oxide of gold contains 10·78 per cent. of oxygen. Or, if we say $2483·8 : 300 = 100 : 12·077$, we find that 100 parts gold take 12·077 parts oxygen.’

'In this manner the reader will find in these Tables data for calculation all the mineral bodies hitherto known, except combinations of tantalum, zircon, esmium, irridium, and I may add titanium, the volume of which I endeavoured to calculate according to an experiment, of a very unsatisfactory nature certainly, by Richter with muriate of titanium.'

Concluding, M. Berzelius treats on chemical signs. In the preceding treatise he has used two kinds of signs.... chemical and mineralogical. These he illustrates. The volume closes, with a chapter on oxidum ferroso-ferricum, and another on the analysis of Glucina.

We should waste time in offering, to the learned professor, our admiration of his luminous treatise. To be appreciated, it must be studied....and, being studied, the pupil will become rich from his labour. Much commendation is due to the translator.

ART. VI.—*The English Exposé*, or, men and women 'abroad and at home.' 4 vols. Pp. 227, 258, 238, 242. £1. 2s. Newman & Co. 1814.

SOME few years ago we were much pleased in the perusal of a novel, we think from the prolific pen of Mrs. Inchbald, which truly depicted the trifling of the *ton*, but was admirably shaded by landscape, and a fine description of 'the pleasure the country endures.'

The work before us seems to bear one of these features only, and wherein those floating down the stream of fashion, may view their own town shadow. For example, thus it begins.

'Above five hundred cards had announced to the fashionable world that lady Cheveril would be at home on the twenty-fifth of June 18—, when, in obedience to her ladyship's mandate, her rooms were filled nearly to suffocation; yet every one was pleased and delighted; at least there was a majority in the smiles: viscount Pershore smiled, and half a hundred satellites of inferior order caught the gracious emanation.

'Lots of ladies to-night, my lord,' bowed Mr. Babington, *en passant*: 'a monstrous good squeeze.'

'Lord Pershore smiled assent, but at that moment lady Arlbury took his arm.

'Do, my lord, come this way ; I will make you laugh, in spite of your old system of propriety. Look at poor Mrs. Elmwood ; only observe how she has placed herself beneath the chandelier, that her diamonds may show to advantage. What does she look like ?'

'Like a very handsome woman seen in a good light.'

'I abhor a pun, or I could give you much better than that ; but positively she reminds me of a parish lamp, with one of those hideous reflectors which blind, while they should seem to guide us.'

'Yet you have not been led astray by Mrs. Elmwood's brilliancy ; she has not only caught your eye, but fixed your attention for a minute : I say nothing of your sarcasm ; that is lost in my admiration of your unprecedented stability.'

'What an odd animal you are ! but upon my honour I never saw finer diamonds,' using her glass ; 'really one wonders to see such ornaments upon a country lady.'

'There is nothing wonderful in seeing a woman of family splendidly attired.'

'True, very true : you will allow she wants ease—that there is an evident embarrassment in her manner ?'

'I really do not perceive it. I have always considered her a well-bred woman.'

'Ridiculous ! you cannot be serious. Apropos—do you know her ?' directing Lord Pershore to observe a lady who passed.

'No ; who is she ? A very fine figure.'

'Why 'thereby hangs a tale,' which I have not made out. She is with the Mortlakes at present ; but I hear she is to be consigned to the care of Mrs. Evelyn. *Entre nous*, there is a report that the son and heir is in love with her, and that, you know, would frighten old Lovegold, as I call lord Mortlake.

'Indeed ! There she is again ; speak to her my dear lady Arlbury,' said Lord Pershore ; 'I should like to see her nearer.'

'Charming squeeze ! You look excessively well to-night. Is the cough quite gone ?'

'Not quite,' smiled Miss Neville. 'I hope lord Arlbury is well.'

'Perfectly well, if he would believe it ; but as usual he shuns society in order to indulge in misery.'

'Is that a general conclusion ? or do you apply it only to my lord ?' said lord Pershore.

'Gloomy people are my aversion,' resumed lady Arlbury ; 'that is, they vex me ; I love happiness, and cannot bear to see men slaves to fancied ills, when there are so many real evils in human life.'

'I must commit Miss Neville to your care for five minutes,' said lady Mortlake, laughing. 'I would give her the benefit of your moral reflections ; but pray forgive her zeal, should she, as I fear she will, defend her favourite lord Arlbury.'

'This is more than one could expect from a Mortlake,' whispered lady Arlbury to her companion ; 'I declare it is almost civility. How do you bear with them ?'

'Lady Mortlake is very amiable,' replied Miss Neville; 'the family claim my esteem.'

'Ah, my dear, young Nugent, I allow, is a very fine young man; but the heads of the house, they are too mechanical for me; I hate your methodical people.'

'How fortunate it is, my dear lady Arlbury, that we do not apply terms literally!' resumed Miss Neville. 'I know you could not hate any thing, more especially persons so unexceptionable.'

'We are liable to censure for these unguarded expressions,' said lord Pershore; 'a random shot may wound deeply; and I——'

'Prefer a masked battery, you were going to say,' laughed lady Arlbury; but here comes the test of truth. How do you feel, my lord? here is the little heiress. What means this new pain in my breast? How I pity your palpitation! Shake us off, if you wish to pay your devoirs; use no ceremony I beseech you.'

'What folly! I could retort, but I forbear.'

'How are you, my dear girl?' continued lady Arlbury, taking the hand of Miss Hanstead, and detaining her evidently against her wish. 'Where is mamma? I have not seen her to-night, though I have been looking for ye these two hours.'

'I came with the duchess, said the frigid heiress; 'she is tired and Mrs. Fetherstone, is so good as to chaperon me.'

'What a goodly train!' smiled lady Arlbury, regarding the bear, who attended the golden Miss. 'Adieu! we shall meet again, and you will afford us another laugh,' whispered the dauntless quizzer. 'Did you ever see such a little icicle? I execrate the men for their homage to a being of that sort.'

In this way fair belles, with now and then some sentimental scraps, a few showers of tears, as usual, from the misused heroine, some tricks dishonourable, and some incidents improbable, are you led through four volumes; which may, however, suit the taste of some readers; and some may agree with our author's *sublime* exclamation,

'What a noble animal is man! how EXCELLENT where he is not known! But in truth,

'We have reached the precipice at last,

'The PRESENT race of vice obscures the PAST.'

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff.* Translated from the original Latin MSS. under the immediate inspection of the Prince. By John Brown, Esq. Pp. 236. 12mo. Hookham, 1814.

Is the suffrage of mankind the legitimate criterion of intellectual energy? Are complaints of the aspirants to

literary fame, to be considered as the honourable disappointment of neglected genius, or the sickly impatience of a dreamer miserably self deceived ? the most illustrious ornaments of the annals of the human race, have been stigmatised by the contempt and abhorrence of entire communities of man ; but this injustice arose out of some temporary superstition, some partial interest, some national doctrine : a glorious redemption awaited their remembrance. There is indeed, nothing so remarkable in the contempt of the ignorant for the enlightened : the vulgar pride of folly, delights to triumph upon mind. This is an intelligible process : the infancy or ingloriousness that can be thus explained, detracts nothing from the beauty of virtue or the sublimity of genius. But what does utter obscurity express ? if the public do not advert even in censure to a performance, has that performance already received its condemnation ?

The result of this controversy is important to the ingenuous critic. His labours are indeed, miserably worthless, if their objects may invariably be attained before their application. He should know the limits of his prerogative. He should not be ignorant, whether it is his duty to promulgate the decisions of others, or to cultivate his taste and judgment that he may be enabled to render a reason for his own.

Circumstances the least connected with intellectual nature have contributed, for a certain period, to retain in obscurity, the most memorable specimens of human genius. The author rerains perhaps from introducing his production to the world with all the pomp of empirical bibliopolism. A sudden tide in the affairs of men may make the neglect or contradiction of some insignificant doctrine, a badge of obscurity and discredit : those even who are exempt from the action of these absurd predilections, are necessarily in an indirect manner affected by their influence. It is perhaps the product of an imagination daring and undisciplined : the majority of readers ignorant and disdaining toleration refuse to pardon a neglect of common rules ; their canons of criticism are carelessly infringed, it is less religious than a charity sermon, less methodical and cold than a French tragedy, where all the unities are preserved : no excel-

lencies, where prudish cant and dull regularity are absent, can preserve it from the contempt and abhorrence of the multitude. It is evidently not difficult to imagine an instance in which the most elevated genius shall be recompensed with neglect. Mediocrity alone seems unvaryingly to escape rebuke and obloquy, it accomodates its attempts to the spirit of the age, which has produced it, and adopts with mimic effrontery the cant of the day and hour for which alone it lives.

We think that 'the Memoirs of Prince Alexy Haimatoff,' deserves to be regarded as an example of the fact, by the frequency of which, criticism is vindicated from the imputation of futility and impertinence. We do not hesitate to consider this fiction, as the product of a bold and original mind. We hardly remember even to have seen surpassed the subtle delicacy of imagination, by which the manifest distinctions of character, and form are seized and pictured in colours, that almost make nature more beautiful than herself. The vulgar observe no resemblances or discrepancies, but such as are gross and glaring. The science of mind to which history, poetry, biography serve as the materials, consists in the discernment of shades and distinctions where the unenlightened discover nothing but a shapeless and unmeaning mass. The faculty for this discernment distinguishes genius from dulness. There are passages in the production before us, which afford instances of just and rapid intuition belonging only to intelligences, that possess this faculty in no ordinary degree. As a composition the book is far from faultless. Its abruptness and angularities do not appear to have received the slightest polish or correction. The author has written with fervor but has disdained to revise at leisure. These errors are the errors of youth and genius and the fervid impatience of sensibilities impetuously disburthening their fulness. The author is proudly negligent of connecting the incidents of his tale. It appears more like the recorded day dream of a poet, not unvisited by the sublimest and most lovely visions, than the tissue of a romance skilfully interwoven for the purpose of maintaining the interest of the reader, and conducting his sympathies by dramatic gradations to the

denouement. It is, what it professes to be, a memoir, not a novel. Yet its claims to the former appellation are established, only by the impatience and inexperience of the author, who, possessing in an eminent degree, the higher qualifications of a novelist, we had almost said a poet, has neglected the number by which that success would probably have been secured, which, in this instance, merit, of a far nobler stamp, have unfortunately failed to acquire. Prince Alexy is by no means an unnatural, although no common character. We think we can discern his counter part in Alfien's delineation of himself. The same propensities, the same ardent devotion to his purposes, the same chivalric and unproductive attachment to unbounded liberty, characterizes both. We are inclined to doubt whether the author has not attributed to his hero, the doctrines of universal philanthropy in a spirit of profound and almost unsearchable irony: at least he appears biassed by no peculiar principles, and it were perhaps an insoluble inquiry whether any, and if any, what moral truth he designed to illustrate by his tale. Bruhle, the tutor of Alexy, is a character delineated with consummate skill; the power of intelligence and virtue over external deficiencies, is forcibly exemplified. The calmness, patience and magnanimity of this singular man, are truly rare and admirable: his disinterestedness, his equanimity, his irresistible gentleness form a finished and delightful portrait. But we cannot regard his commendation to his pupil to indulge in promiscuous concubinage without horror and detestation. The author appears to deem the loveless intercourse of brutal appetite, a venial offence against delicacy and virtue! he asserts that a transient connection with a cultivated female, may contribute to form the heart without essentially vitiating the sensibilities. It is our duty to protest against so pernicious and disgusting an opinion. No man can rise pure from the poisonous embraces of a prostitute, or sinless from thy desolated hopes of a confiding heart. Whatever may be the claims of chastity, whatever the advantages of simple and pure affections, these ties, these benefits are of equal obligation to either sex. Domestic relations depend for their integrity upon a complete reciprocity

of duties. But the author himself has in the adventure of the sultana, Debesh-Sheptuti afforded a most impressive and tremendous allegory of the cold blooded and malignant selfishness of sensuality.

We are incapacitated by the unconnected and vague narrative from forming an analysis of the incidents, they would consist indeed, simply of a catalogue of events, and which, divested of the aerial tinge of genius might appear trivial and common. We shall content ourselves, therefore with selecting some passages calculated to exemplify the peculiar powers of the author. The following description of the simple and interesting Rosalie is in the highest style of delineation, 'her hair was unusually black, she truly had raven locks, the same glossiness, the same varying shade, the same mixture of purple and sable for which the plumage of the raven is remarkable, were found in the long elastic tresses depending from her head and covering her shoulders. Her complexion was dark and clear: the colours which composed the brown that dyed her smooth skin, were so well mixed, that not one blot, not one varied tinge injured its brightness, and when the blush of animation or of modesty flushed her cheek, the tint was so rare, that could a painter have dipped his pencil in it, that single shade would have rendered him immortal. The bone above her eye was sharp, and beautifully curved; much as I have admired the wonderful properties of curves, I am convinced that their most stupendous properties collected, would fall far short of that magic line. The eyebrow was pencilled with extreme nicety; in the centre it consisted of the deepest shade of black, at the edges it was hardly perceptible, and no man could have been hardy enough to have attempted to define the precise spot at which it ceased: in short the velvet drapery of the eyebrow was only to be rivalled by the purple of the long black eyelashes that terminated the ample curtain. Rosalie's eyes were large and full; they appeared at a distance uniformly dark, but upon close inspection the innumerable strokes of various hues of infinite fineness and endless variety drawn in concentric circles behind the pellucid chrystal, filled the mind with wonder and admiration, and could only be the work of infinite power directed by infinite wisdom.'

Alexy's union with Aür-Ahebch the Circassian slave is marked by circumstances of deep pathos, and the sweetest tenderness of sentiment. The description of his misery and madness at her death, deserves to be remarked as affording evidence of an imagination vast, profound and full of energy.

Alexy, who gained the friendship, perhaps the love of the native Rosalie: the handsome Haimatoff, the philosophic Haimatoff, the haughty Haimatoff, Haimatoff the gay, the witty, the accomplished, the bold hunter, the friend of liberty, the chivalric lover of all that is feminine, the hero, the enthusiast: see him now, that is he, mark him! he appears in the shades of evening, he stalks as a spectre, he has just risen from the damps of the charnel house; see, the dews still hang on his forehead. He will vanish at cock-crowing, he never heard the song of the lark, nor the busy hum of men; the sun's rays never warmed him, the pale moonbeam alone shews his unearthly figure, which is fanned by the wing of the owl, which scarce obstructs the slow flight of the droning beetle, or of the drowsy bat. Mark him! he stops, his lean arms are crossed on his bosom; he is bowed to the earth, his sunken eye gazes from its deep cavity or vacuity, as the toad skulking in the corner of a sepulchre, peeps with malignity through the circumbient gloom. His cheek is hollow; the glowing tints of his complexion, which once resembled the autumnal sunbeam on the autumnal beech, are gone, the cadaverous yellow, the livid hue have usurped their place, the sable honours of his head have perished, they once waved in the wind like the jetty pinions of the raven, the skull is only covered by the shrivelled skin, which the rook views wistfully, and calls to her young ones. His gaunt bones start from his wrinkled garments, his voice is deep, hollow, sepulchral it is the voice which wakes the dead, he has long held converse with the departed. He attempts to walk he knows not whither, his legs totter under him, he falls, the boys hoot him, the dogs bark at him, he hears them not, he sees them not.—Rest, there, Alexy, it becometh thee, thy bed is the grave, thy bride is the worm, yet once thou stoodest erect, thy cheek was flushed with joyful ardour, thy eye blazing told what thy head conceived, what thy heart felt, thy limbs were vigour and activity, thy bosom expanded with pride, ambition, and desire, every nerve thrilled to feel, every muscle swelled to execute.

Haimatoff, the blight has tainted thee, thou ample roomy web of life, whereon were traced the gaudy characters, the gay embroidery of pleasure, how has the moth battened on thee; Haimatoff, how has the devouring flame scorched the plains, once yellow with the harvest! the simoon, the parching breath of the desert, has swept over the laughing plains, the carpet of verdure rolled away at its approach, and

has bared amid desolation. Thou stricken deer, thy leather coat, thy dappled hide hangs loose upon thee, it was a deadly arrow, how has it wasted thee, thou scathed oak, how has the red lightning drank thy sap: Haimatoff, Haimatoff, eat thy soul with vexation. Let the immeasurable ocean roll between thee and pride: you must not dwell together.' p. 129.

The episode of Viola is affecting, natural and beautiful. We do not ever remember to have seen the unforgiving fastidiousness of family honor more awfully illustrated. After the death of her lover, Viola still expects that he will esteem, still cherishes the delusion that he is not lost to her for ever.

'She used frequently to go to the window to look for him, or walk in the Park to meet him, but without the least impatience, at his delay. She learnt a new tune, or a new song to amuse him, she stood behind the door to startle him as he entered, or disguised herself to surprise him.'

The character of Mary, deserves, we think, to be considered as the only complete failure in the book. Every other female whom the author has attempted to describe is designated by an individuality peculiarly marked and true. They constitute finished portraits of whatever is eminently simple, graceful, gentle, or disgustingly atrocious and vile. Mary alone is the miserable parasite of fashion, the tame slave of drivelling and drunken folly, the cold hearted coquette, the lying and meretricious prude. The means employed to gain this worthless prize corresponds exactly with its worthlessness. Sir Eulke Hildebrand is a strenuous tory, Alexy, on his arrival in England professes himself inclined to the principles of the whig party, finding that the Baronet had sworn that his daughter should never marry a whig, he sacrifices his principles and with inconceivable effrontery thus palliates his apostasy and falsehood.

'The prejudices of the Baronet, were strong in proportion as they were irrational. I resolved rather to humour than to thwart them. I contrived to be invited to dine in company with him; I always proposed the health of the minister, I introduced politics and defended the tory party in long speeches, I attended

clubs and public dinners of that interest. I do not know whether this conduct was justifiable; it may certainly be excused when the circumstances of my case are duly considered. I would tear myself in pieces, if I suspected that I could be guilty of the slightest falsehood or prevarication; (see Lord Chesterfield's letters for the courtier-like distinction between simulation and dissimulation,) but there was nothing of that sort here. I was of no party, consequently, I could not be accused of deserting any one. I did not defend the injustice of any body of men, I did not detract from the merits of any virtuous character. I praised what was laudable in the tory party, and blamed what was reprehensible in the whigs: I was silent with regard to whatever was culpable in the former or praiseworthy in the latter. The stratagem was innocent which injured no one, and which promoted the happiness of two individuals, especially of the most amiable woman the world ever knew."

An instance of more deplorable perversity of the human understanding we do not recollect ever to have witnessed. It almost persuades us to believe that scepticism or indifference concerning certain sacred truths may occasionally produce a subtlety of sophism, by which the conscience of the criminal may be bribed to overlook his crime.

Towards the conclusion of this strange and powerful performance it must be confessed that *aliquando bonus dormitat Homenus*. The adventure of the Eleutheri, although the sketch of a profounder project, is introduced and concluded with unintelligible abruptness. Bruhle dies, purposely as it should seem that his pupil may renounce the romantic sublimity of his nature, and that his inauspicious union and prostituted character, might be exempt from the censure of violated friendship. Numerous indications of profound and vigorous thought are scattered over even the most negligently compacted portions of the narrative. It is an unweeded garden where nightshade is interwoven with sweet jessamine, and the most delicate spices of the east, peep over struggling stalks of rank and poisonous hemlock.

In the delineation of the more evanescent feelings and uncommon instances of strong and delicate passion we conceive the author to have exhibited new and unparalleled powers. He has noticed some peculiarities of female character, with a delicacy and truth singularly exquisite.

We think that the interesting subject of sexual relations requires for its successful development the application of a mind thus organised and endowed. Yet even here how great the deficiencies; this mind must be pure from the fashionable superstitions of gallantry, must be exempt from the sordid feelings which with blind idolatry worships the image and blaspheme the deity, reverence the type, and degrade the reality of which it is an emblem.

We do not hesitate to assert that the author of this volume is a man of ability. His great though indisciplinable energies and fervid rapidity of conception embodies scenes and situations, and of passions affording inexhaustible food for wonder and delight. The interest is deep and irresistible. A moral enchanter seems to have conjured up the shapes of all that is beautiful and strange to suspend the faculties in fascination and astonishment.

ART. VII.—*The History of Fiction*; being a Critical Account of the most celebrated Prose Works of Fiction, from the earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the present age. By John Dunlop. 3 Vols. Octavo. Pp. 416, 409, 436. Longman and Co. 1814.

[Continued from p. 499.]

WE rarely dwell on any subject with so much pleasure as on the present occasion. These volumes contain an almost endless variety of interest, and their compilation is highly creditable to Mr. Dunlop.

We now turn to political romance. This species of composition, or, rather, the taste for it, seems to have been nourished by the publication of *Telemachus*. For, although that beautiful fiction be, in reality, rather an epic poem in prose, than a romance, yet it has certainly been introductory to several political romances.

In *Telemachus*, and in the travels of *Cyrus*, we are presented with a model for the education of a prince; and, in the *Sethos* of the Abbé Terrasson, we find the portraiture of a perfect monarch.

*The hero of this work was an Egyptian prince, who lived before the war of Troy. During a long exile from his native land, he becomes the legislator of unknown and barbarous nations, and on his return, the benefactor of those he had reason to regard as his enemies and

and rivals. The second object of the author was to exhibit whatever has been ascertained concerning the antiquities, manners, and customs of the ancient Egyptians, and the origin of sciences and arts. On the whole, the work is heavy, and perhaps too grave and severe for a romance, but it contains some striking and splendid passages, especially several which occur in the long description of the initiation of Sethos into the mysteries of the Egyptian priests.

The Utopia of Sir Thomas More suggested many speculative works somewhat in the form of romance, concerning perfect systems of government, which are yet more chimerical than a Royal Sethos. Of this description is Harrington's Oceana, which appeared in England about the middle of the seventeenth century and though it be the model of a perfect republic, is the most rational of all similar productions.

Our editor traces this subject to the *Cyropaedia* of Xenophon. This latter work, it is believed, must have suggested those two celebrated political romances, which appeared in France about the commencement of the eighteenth century; *les Voyages de Cyrus*, and *le Repos de Cyrus*.

Of these the former work is by the Chevalier Ramsay, the friend of Fenelon, and tutor to the sons of the Pretender. The author has chosen, as the subject of his romance, that part of the life of Cyrus which extends from the sixteenth to the fortieth year of his age, a period of which nothing is said in the *Cyropaedia*. During this interval Ramsay has made his hero travel according to fancy, and by this means takes occasion to describe the manners, religion, and policy, of the countries which are visited, as also some of the principal events in their history. The Persian prince wanders through Greece, Syria, and Egypt, and in the course of his journey enjoys long philosophical and political conversation with Zoroaster, Solon, and the prophet Daniel. What is said concerning the manners of the different nations, is fortified by passages from the ancient philosophers and poets. The author exhibits considerable acquaintance with chronology and history, and enters profoundly into the fables of the ancients, from which he attempts to show that the leading truths of religion are to be found in the mythological systems of all nations. His work, however, is rather a treatise intended to form the mind of a young prince than a fiction. The only romantic incident is the love of Cyrus for Cassandana, which occupies a considerable part of the first book, where the usual obstacles of the prohibition of parents, and a powerful rival, are interposed to the happiness of the lovers. In 1728, a satire on Ramsay's *Cyrus*, entitled *La Nouvelle Cyropædie, ou Reflexions de Cyrus sur ses Voyages*, was printed at Amsterdam. In this work, Cyrus, having become master of Asia, complains, in six evening conversations with his confident Araspes, of the pedantic

and ridiculous part he is made to act in his travels. A serious criticism was written by the Pere Viuot, to which Ramsay made a suitable reply.

'The repose of Cyrus embraces the same period of the life of the Persian prince with the work of Ramsay, and comprehends his journey into Media, his chase on the frontier of Assyria, his wars with the king of that country, and his return to Persia.'

PASTORAL ROMANCE....This species of composition was prevalent at a very early period. The Eclogues of Virgil may have greatly contributed to a taste for describing the simplicity of rustic manners, and the charms of pastoral enjoyments.

During the middle age, says our editor, pastoral compositions were frequent; but they partook more of the nature of eclogue, or drama, than that of romance. The vapid productions of the Troubadours contained not the adventures of rural characters, but insipid, or affected descriptions of nature. Among the works of the Trouveurs, we find pastorals on the loves and adventures of shepherds and shepherdesses; but, although we meet with much nature in this dialogue, we find little variety.

A poet takes his walk: with him it is always spring; he meets a beautiful shepherdess....sometimes she is coy, sometimes yielding: but their loves, usually, end in a fulfilment that is often very circumstantially described.

To pass over the Ameto of Boccacio, which bears a strong resemblance to the pastorals of the Troubadours, with the exception of being more rich, and others, we pause to contemplate the pastoral romances of Italy. In the *Pastor Fido*, we find the incident of a lover disguising himself as a female, at a festival, in order to enjoy an uninterrupted converse with his mistress. This ruse de l'amour is a leading event in the *Astrea*, and is introduced in one of the episodes of the *Diana*, which was written in Spanish, by George of Montemayor, about the middle of the sixteenth century.

There, we have mistresses serving their lovers in the disguise of pages, an incident of which Shakespeare has frequently taken advantage. The story of Protheus and Julia, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is taken from the Spanish.

'It will be recollected, that while Protheus and Julia are mutually enamoured, the former is sent by his father from Verona to the court

Dunlop's *History of Fiction.*

of Milan, to which he proceeds by sea. Soon after his arrival he falls in love with Silvia, the duke's daughter. Julia follows him in disguise of a page, and discovers the estrangement of his affections by the evening music he gives to the ear of his new mistress. She enters into his service, and is employed by him to propitiate the affections of a rival. The outline of this plot corresponds so closely with the Spanish romance, that there can be little doubt that it was imitated by Shakspeare, who, besides, has copied the original in some minute particulars, which clearly evince the source from which the drama has been derived. As for example, in the letter which Protheus addresses to Julia, her rejection of it when offered by her waiting-maid, and the device by which she afterwards attempts to procure a perusal (act I. sc. II.). In several passages, indeed, the dramatist has copied the language of the pastoral.

But while, in some respects, Shakspeare has thus closely followed the romance, he has departed from it in more essential incidents, in a manner that has rather injured than improved the story. In the *Diana*, the young man is sent on his travels by his father, in order to prevent an unsuitable marriage, but Protheus is dispatched to Milan at the idle suggestion of a servant, and apparently for no purpose but to give a commencement to the intrigue. Don Felix is indeed an unfaithful lover, but his spirit, generosity, and honour, still preserve the esteem and interest of the reader: but the unprincipled villain, into whom he has been transformed in the drama, not only forsakes his mistress, but attempts to supplant his friend, and to supplant him by the basest artifice. The revival of affection too, is much more natural and pleasing in the romance than in the play. In the former, Celia, the new flame of Felix, was then no longer in being, and his former mistress, as we shall afterwards find, had a fresh claim to his gratitude; but Protheus returns to Julia with as much levity as he had abandoned her, and apparently for no reason, except that his stratagem had failed, and that his fraud had been exposed. The story of Felismena seems also to have suggested that part of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* relating to the disguise of Euphrasia, which forms the principal plot of that tragedy.

The *Galatea* of Cervantes, continues our editor, which was formed on the model of the *Diana*, is reported to have been written with the intention of covertly relating the anecdotes of the age in which the author flourished, by a representation of the lives, the manners, and occupations of shepherds and shepherdesses, who inhabited the banks of the Tagus and Henares. These adventures are not so extravagant as those of the *Diana*; but the style is greatly inferior, particularly in the poetical department.

In imitation of Montemayor and Cervantes, a French nobleman wrote the *Astrée*, a work, which, under the semblance of pastoral incidents and characters, exhibits the singular history of his own family, as well as the amours at the court of Henry the Great. The first volume, dedicated to that monarch, appeared in 1610; the second, ten years after; and the third, addressed to Louis XIII., about five years subsequently to the second. The duke of Savoy was depositary of the fourth part, which remained in manuscript, at the death of the author, and was transmitted to Mademoiselle d'Urfé. She confided it to Baro, the secretary of her deceased relative, who published it two years after the death of his master, with a dedication to Mary of Medicis, and made up a fifth part from memoirs and fragments also placed in his hands. The whole was printed at Rouen, in 1647, in five volumes.

The period of the action of this celebrated work, is feigned to be the end of the fifth, or the beginning of the sixth century; and the scene is laid on the banks of the Lignon.

* Celadon was the most amiable and most enamoured of the shepherds who lived in that happy age and delightful region: his passion was returned by the beautiful Astrea, but at length the treachery and envy of the shepherd Semire inflamed her mind with jealousy. She meets her lover, reproaches him with his perfidy, and then flies from his presence. Celadon casts himself, with his arms across, into the river; but his hopes of submersion, however well founded, are totally frustrated. He is thrown at some distance on the banks of the stream, near a grove of myrtles, where three nymphs come to his assistance, and conduct him to the castle of Issoura.

* Astrea, who in concealment had perceived her lover precipitate himself into the stream, but had not foreseen such powerful effects from her reproaches, faints and falls into the water. She is rescued by the neighbouring swains, and conveyed to a cottage. There she is visited by Lyoidas, the brother of Celadon, for whom a fruitless search is now made, Astrea pretends he had been drowned in attempting to save her, but her expressions of grief not answering the expectations of the brother, he upbraids her with indifference for the loss of so faithful a lover: Astrea pays a tribute to his virtues but complains that he was a general lover, and in particular had forsaken her for Amynta. Lycidas now shrewdly conjectures that her jealousy has been the cause of his brother's death, and reminds her that Celadon, at her own desire, had made love to all the neighbouring shepherdesses, in order to conceal his real passion, an arrangement

which Astrea might have previously recollected, without any extraordinary powers of reminiscence. At the desire of Phillis and Diana, two of her companions, she is now induced to recount the progress of her affection for Celadon, and her whole history previous to the water scene; a recital in which unfortunately she gives no marks of that defect of memory she had so lately betrayed.

Astrea begins her narrative by describing with much minuteness the sensations, which, though only twelve years of age, she felt on first meeting with Celadon. Soon after this interview the festival of Venus was celebrated. On this occasion it was customary that four virgins should represent the judgment of Paris, in the temple of the goddess. At this exhibition, the description of which has been taken from the tenth book of Apuleius, males were prohibited from being present, on pain of being stoned to death. Celadon, however, obtained admission in disguise of a virgin, and the part of Paris was luckily assigned to him. The three nymphs (one of whom was Astrea), competitors for the prize of beauty, were submitted to his inspection in the costume in which their respective excellences could be most accurately discriminated. Celadon had thus an opportunity of bestowing the prize on Astrea, and afterwards acquainted her with the risk he had encountered for her sake. An incident similar to this occurs in the *Pastor Fido*, and fifth book of the *Rinaldo*. In the former, Mirtillo, disguised as his sister, mingles at the festival of Jupiter, among a train of nymphs, who contend which should give the sweetest kiss; Amarillis, the mistress of Mirtillo, is chosen the judge, and receives the caresses of her lover among those of her fair companions. In *Rinaldo* the incident is similar to that in the romance, except that in the former the audacious intruder is detected by his mistress Olinda—in the latter he reveals the secret himself. A corresponding event, it will be recollected, has been mentioned in the abstract of the *Diana of Montemayor*.

This story is pursued, with a key to the characters, all of whom represent the gallantries of the French court. To these temporary allusions, Astrea is indebted for its original popularity; but the remembrance of the scandal having passed away, the work, now, solely rests upon its intrinsic merit, which may not long preserve it from oblivion. The composition is too erudite; the language and sentiments are too refined for pastoral life. It is, moreover, tediously interwoven with long, languishing, conversations; and the province of pastoral romance is, occasionally, invaded by the introduction of warlike scenes. The tranquillity of rural felicity is not congenial with the tumult of heroic achievements; but this error was alept.

Tasso, indeed, is an exception; as are some other poets. This department of our review closes with an analysis of the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney; a work much read at that time....not less, perhaps, on account of the heroic character and glorious death of its author, than in compliment to its real merits.

'The idea of a hero residing in a female garb with his mistress, and for a while unknown to her, which is a common incident in the *Argenis*, and other romances of the period, was perhaps originally derived from the story of Achilles: but that part of the *Arcadia* which relates to the disguise of Pyrocles, and the passion of the king and queen, has been immediately taken from the French translation of the 11th book of *Amadis de Gaul*, where Agesilan of Colchos, while in like disguise, is pursued in a similar manner by the king and queen of Galdop. It may not be improper here to mention the royal recreations, as giving a curious picture of the tenderness of ladies' hearts in the days of queen Elizabeth. 'Sometimes angling to a little river near hand, which, for the moisture it bestowed upon the roots of flourishing trees, was rewarded with their shadow—there would they sit down, and pretty wagers be made between Pamela and Philoclea, which could soonest beguile silly fishes, while Zelmane protested, that the fittest prey for them was hearts of princes. She also had an angle in her hand, but the taker was so taken, that she had forgotten taking. Basilius, in the mean time, would be the cook himself of what was so caught, and Gynecia sit still, but with no still pensiveness. Now she brought them to see a sealed dove, who the blinder she was the higher she strove. Another time a kite, which having a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and so let fly, caused all the kites in that quarter, &c. &c.'

Of the productions of Sir Philip Sidney, it has been said, by Sir William Temple, and in the land that had given birth to Shakspeare, Spencer, Milton, and others, that he did not scruple to pronounce him 'the * greatest poet, and the noblest genius of any that had left writings behind them, and published in ours, or any other language.

The *Arcadia*, continues our author, was much read and admired by Waller and Cowley, and has been, obviously, imitated in many instances, by our early dramatists.

* Vide *Miscellanies*, part II.

'The story of Plangus in the *Arcadia*, is the origin of Shirley's *Andromana*, or *Merchant's Wife*. That part of the pastoral where Pyrocles agrees to command the Helots, seems to have suggested those scenes of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in which Valentine leagues himself with the outlaws. An episode in the second book of the *Arcadia*, where a king of Paphlagonia, whose eyes had been put out by a bastard son, is described as led by his rightful heir, whom he had cruelly used for the sake of his wicked brother, has furnished Shakspeare with the under plot concerning Gloster and his two sons, in *King Lear*. There are in the romance the same description of a bitter storm, and the same request of the father, that he might be led to the summit of a cliff, which occur in that pathetic tragedy.

'The *Arcadia* was also, as we learn from Milton, the companion of the prison hours of Charles I., whom that poet, in his *Iconoclastes*, reproaches with having stolen a prayer of Pamela, to insert in his *Ikon Basilike*. But whether the king actually fell into this inadvrtnce, or whether his antagonist procured the interpolation of the passage, that he might enjoy an opportunity of reviling his sovereign for impiety, and taunting him with literary plagiarism, has been the subjeet of much controversy among the biographers of the English bard.'

We now come to heroic romance. This description of writing is always the same, whether classical or Moorish characters be the objects of representation. There is always the same interminable length....the same minute description....the same tedious dialogue....the same interruptions to the principal narrative, by stories interwoven with it, which perplex and distract the attention. In short, long and recurring episodes, a wretched fecundity, which is the proof of real barrenness, is the prevalent fault of heroic romance. With this general observation, we hasten to the latter department of our labours, to speak of French and English novels.

The human mind, continues our intelligent editor, seems to require some species of fiction for its amusement and relaxation.

We find one species of fable succeed to another; the choice, alone, being dependant on the caprice of the day. In the French school, many compositions entitled novels, have satirized the intrigues of court, both as to its amorous and political tendency. Our limits do not permit us to enter into this detail.

On the *Heloise* of Rousseau, the most eloquent, pathetic, and dangerous of the French novels, our editor offers some

critical observations. The work is too well known to every female; but, all who please themselves with the seductive beauties of the story, ought to remember, that it, at least, contains this impressive moral....the death of the heroine could, alone, have saved the honour of the wife, who, according to a celebrated French writer, 'meurt uniquement, pour tirer M. Rousseau d'embarras.'

'The pathos and eloquence of Rousseau, the delicacy of Mad. Riccoboni, the gloomy, but forcible paintings of Prevot, and the knowledge of human nature displayed in the works of Marivaux, have raised the French to the highest reputation for the composition of novels of the serious class. In many of these, however, though admirable in point of talents, there is too often a contest of duties, in which those are adhered to which should be subordinate, and those abandoned which ought to be paramount to all others. Thus, they sometimes entice us to find, in the subtilty of feeling, a pardon for our neglect of the more homely and downright duties, and lead us to cherish the blossoms of virtue more than the root or branches.'

Gil Blas is too renowned to require to be dwelt upon by us. In that delightful work, the incidents, to which all conditions of life are liable, are represented with admirable fidelity. Our editor, however, questions, and we believe truly, the originality of this work. Many of the stories are supposed to be taken from a Spanish work, of which the author is unknown. This work comprehends the adventures dell' escudero Don Manuel Obrega, and will be found, on examination, to contain, with little variation, the story of the amorous muleteer, whose enterprize alarms the company at the posada in Cacabelos; and, of the parasite who eats the omelet of Gil Blas; an incident which also occurs in Paul the Sharper, by Quevedo.

Of the *Diable Boiteux*, by Le Sage, the leading idea is, also, borrowed from the Spanish. Our editor enumerates passages in proof of his assertion. We must content ourselves with recommending all the curious information, which, at this period, courts the applause of the reader, and close our remarks on English novels.

Mrs. Bohn and Mrs. Haywood, who wrote in the voluptuous reign of Charles the second, were writers of esteemed celebrity, but the improving spirit of the times, has, des-

servedly, committed their works to oblivion, where they moulder with the wit of Rochester.

Of Richardson's voluminous *Clarissa Harlowe*, it has been said, by Mrs. Barbauld, that 'the stern father, the passionate, and dark-coloured brother, the envious and ill-natured sister, the money-loving uncle, the gentle, meek-spirited mother, are all assimilated by that stiffness, love of parade, and solemnity, which is thrown over the whole group, and by the interested family views in which they all concur.' The character of *Lovelace*, as is well known, is an expansion of that of *Lothario*, in the *Fair Penitent*; but in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, expressed in his *Life of Rowe*, the novelist has greatly excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. '*Lothario*,' says the illustrious biographer, 'with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness. It was in the power of Richardson alone, to teach us at once esteem and detestation; to make virtuous resentment overpower all the benevolence which art and elegance and courage naturally excite; and to lose, at last, the hero in the villain.'

In our opinion, Richardson has always outraged nature. There never was, or perhaps never will be, such a character as *Lovelace*. A man possessing so many amiable qualities, might, indeed, from education, have taught himself to think lightly of women; and might be urged to the contemplation of guilt, even in a triumph over the *divine Clarissa Harlowe*: but this triumph could only have resulted from a grand coup de main; it is not natural to suppose, for a moment, that he, who in all other points was fastidiously honourable, could systematically league with female devils, and, by a long course of premeditated, unparalleled villainy, ultimately commit a crime so monstrous!

The goodness of Sir Charles Grandison is equally unnatural; but as Mr. Richardson has aimed, through all his works, to shew the superiority of virtue, we must commend his labours.

Tom Jones we consider to be a work of much more deserved celebrity. In plan, it is admirable...in combination, classical...in effect, natural. Every single circumstance contributes, without art, to the denouement; and wit, humour, and naïveté, embellish the force and truth of progressive incident.

Humphrey Clinker, Peregrine Pickle, Roderic Random, Gulliver, and others, class high among our English novels.

‘ Although, as has been already mentioned, it is not my design to enter into a minute consideration of English novels, an analysis of which would require some volumes, it would not be proper altogether to overlook a *Romantic* species of novel, which seems in a great measure peculiar to the English, which differs, in some degree, from any fiction of which I have yet given an account, and which has recommended itself to a numerous class of readers, by exciting powerful emotions of terror.

‘ There exists,’ says an elegant writer, ‘ in every breast at all susceptible of the influence of imagination, the germ of a certain superstitious dread of the world unknown, which easily suggests the ideas of commerce with it. Solitude—darkness—low-whispered sounds—obscure glimpses of objects, tend to raise in the mind that thrilling, mysterious terror, which has for its object ‘ the powers unseen, and mightier far than we.’

‘ It is, perhaps, singular, that emotions so powerful and universal should not have been excited by fiction at an earlier period; for this species of composition cannot be traced higher than the *Castle of Otranto*, by Horace Walpole.’

On the writings of Mrs. Radcliffe, we must venture some few observations. She displayed eminent skill in exciting powerful interest, by creating supernatural terrors from the realities of human nature: and, by reconciling the wonderful and terrific, by a magic exclusively her own. There is however, much sameness in her works; her genius may be strong and original, but it is not diffusive.

‘ I have now finished what I proposed to write on the *History and Progress of Fiction*. To some of my readers I may appear, perhaps, to have dwelt too shortly on some topics, and to have bestowed a disproportionate attention on others; nor is it improbable, that in a work of such extent and variety, omissions may have occurred of what ought not to have been neglected. Such defects were inseparable from an enquiry of this description; and must have, in some degree, existed, even if I could have bestowed on it undivided attention, and if, instead of a relaxation, it had been my sole employment. I shall consider myself, however, as having effected much, if I turn to this subject the attention of other writers, whose opportunities of doing justice to it, are more favourable than my own. A work, indeed, of the kind I have undertaken, is not of a nature to be perfected by a single individual, and at a first attempt, but must be the result of successive investigations. By the assistance of preceding re-

searches on the same subject, the labour of the future enquirer will be abridged, and he will thus be enabled to correct the mistakes, and supply the deficiencies, of those who have gone before him.'

In justice to the editor, we beg to observe, that we have passed over the second volume, almost wholly composed of Italian tales, not disrespectfully, but because we could not treat such important matter with brevity.

In taking leave, we cannot offer an opinion too complimentary to the labours of Mr. Dunlop.

ART. VIII.—*Sketch of the United States of North America at the commencement of the nineteenth century, from 1800 to 1810 with statistical tables and a new map, by the author, containing all the late discoveries, and exhibiting the division of territorial Zones, boundary lines, &c. By Le Chevalier Felix de Boujour, ancient Member of the Tribunal, late French Consul General in the United States, author of the views of the Commerce of Greece, &c. &c. Translated from the French, with illustrative notes and appendix, by William Walton, Esq. Pp. 363. 16s. Octavo. J. Booth. 1814.*

In taking up this volume we were not, by any means led to hope for an impartial sketch of the United States of America, drawn by a French diplomatist. The views of France political as well as commercial, with the transatlantic world since the conquest of Canada, was subservient to the meaner attributes of hatred and envy to their conqueror; and the subsequent commercial regulations, which, seconded by industry and quality of manufacture, operated nearly to the exclusion of the French, have served to encrease the wonted gallic jealousy of this country.

Within the last few years we have been gratified by the publication of the travels of two of our own countrymen, Messrs. Weld and Janson, with their respective travels through the country which Monsieur Boujour has subsequently visited a part of; and in local descriptions, the manners of the people, and the geology of the country, there is a similarity of opinion in each of these writers. On the other hand, whenever Monsieur Beaujour contemns Americans for their national degeneracy, or chews the bitter end of reflection on the effects of their mercantile connections with England, he imputes his usual ideas of their misfor-

tunes to a want of attachment to France!—that political rock whereon of late, so many nations have wrecked their state bark!

Of this defect, the translator is so fully convinced, that we find him frequently presenting an antidote to his author's political poison. This is not the time to suffer misrepresentations of the character of our enemy, however insignificant, to go forth, uncorrected, to our readers.

The work before us we find was written about five years ago, consequently long before the unstable race of men of whom he writes, had made war upon this, their mother-country. For this reason, the first part of it, which chiefly regards the lakes and the defence of the sea coast, comes too late to interest the British reader; because the whole has been anticipated in numerous publications. But though political parts of this sketch are thus rendered 'flat, stale and unprofitable,' yet we frequently find in the description of the country, its natural history, and the manners of the people, subject matter for contemplation. On these heads, we shall adduce some instances of our author's talents.

'In the United States, every thing still bears the stamp of a new country, where the hand of man has not yet perfected the work of nature. The eye in vain seeks out those varied and fertile fields, that neat and brilliant appearance which, in Europe, every where strikes the traveller; no country in the world presents so sad and wild an aspect.

'An eternal forest, cut only into clear spaces or intervals, in which hamlets are placed; sown fields or ponds; streams intersecting this forest in various directions, and all descending from the double chain of the Alleghany; to the west of these mountains, small swamps which issue into the large one where the Mississippi flows; to the east, a low and level coast, scattered over with marshes, and on this same coast, six large towns and an infinite number of small ones, all built of brick or wooden planks, painted in different colours; on every side, massive and lofty trees, or forests of shrubs which hide the land; wherever the eye turns, it beholds an hideous soil and coarse atmosphere; nature, in short, gloomy and unharmonized; such is the general aspect of the whole country.

'What most strikes the traveller, who for the first time lands there; is the immensity of the forests, the extent of the waters, their varied forms, and the movement and colouring they spread over the landscape.

'The climate changes according to the latitudes; but is in general colder, by several degrees, than that of the old hemisphere.

under corresponding parallels, because it is more recently inhabited, and still covered with wood and water.

‘ It is also more inconstant, and often varies from ten to twelve degrees of the thermometer in one day. A remarkable phenomenon is, that on the other side of the Alleghany, it is less variable and less cold than on the Atlantic coast, notwithstanding the first region is less stripped of its trees than the second.

‘ This inconstancy of the climate of the Atlantic coast, proceeds from several causes, viz. from the caloric which the current of the Mexican Gulf brings with it from the tropics, and from the cold winds descending thither, without obstacle, from the great table land of the lakes, and which are again chilled by crossing the Alleghany. Its more principal cause, however, is owing to the inconstancy of the winds, which vary sometimes in one day, not from some points of the compass, but from one point of the horizon to the opposite one. The chief winds are the North-West, South-West, and North-East. The latter blows in every season, but the South-West principally in summer, and the North-West in the winter. The latter may be considered, as well from its duration as its intensity, as the predominating wind of the United States. All the winds of the North and South, in a western course, are dry; and all the winds from the North and South, in an eastern one, are rainy. The North-West is the driest of all, because it comes from the mountain regions, and from the great table land of America; and the North-East is the most rainy, because it arrives surcharged with the vapours of the sea. The latter frequently blows, and it rains more in the United States than in Europe; but if the rains are there more frequent, they at the same time evaporate quicker, because the air is more agitated. Thunder, hail, and snow are there, meteors extremely common.

‘ The year, in the United States, can scarcely be considered as having more than two seasons, which succeeded each other in a sudden manner, and almost without transition. In all the North, the winters are long and rigid, and the summers short, but burning.”

After a seven years rebellion against the mother country, and assisted by the powers of France and Spain, America was declared independent. The then thirteen united states are now swelled and overgrown into eighteen; and the possessors still thirst for dominion over Canada on the north, and Louisiana and Florida on the south, containing greater extents of country than that which they originally claimed of Britain. Averse to prognosticate evil, we cannot but lament to see a similar error in defence of their aggressions to that which before lost our cause with them; the want of

energy in the outset, thereby affording them time to discipline their raw ranks, and train them to meet their once formidable foe in open field.

The government of these eighteen free and independent states, now becomes an anxious enquiry. Each individual state chuses its own governor, lieutenant governor, and two houses of assembly, which enact all their own local laws whereby there is often great repugnance in two sister adjoining states. In cases of murder the guilty has only to pass over a few miles and he is under the jurisdiction of a government wherein the crime was not perpetrated, and consequently as it were in a sanctuary. When Aaron Burr the Vice President, about ten years ago, killed General Hamilton, the Commander in Chief of the American forces in a duel, in the state of New York, he had nothing more to do, in order to screen himself from a coroner's warrant of wilful murder, than to cross a river on whose bank they fought, and he was safe in the state of New Jersey. These confederated states are subject to a general congress, composed of members from each, and under the government of a President, Vice President and Senate. Of this legislative body our author says,

* It has not sufficient controul over the confederated states, each of which had a different spirit, though, in general, the northern states follow the impulse of Massachusetts, the middle ones that of Pennsylvania, whilst those of the south are drawn into the vortex of Virginia. The states situated on the other side of the Alleghany, equally differ in spirit amongst themselves, and scarcely ever agree but in one point, which is, their opposition to the maritime states.

* The federal government does not even possess sufficient force to maintain itself against factions, and its chiefs, continually exposed to insults and calumny, have often no other resource in order to preserve their places, than to throw themselves into the arms of the prevailing faction.

* In short, it has not sufficient force to its relations with foreign powers, and is placed in such a situation and in such circumstances, that it ought to feign energy, even when it did not possess any.

* This government has only just made its first appearance on the political scene; and certainly the first appearance of a government on the political scene, resembles that of a young man in the world. In the first place, his pulse is felt to see whether he is possessed of

courage; but when he has once established his reputation, he is left quiet. The United States would have spared themselves many wars and misfortunes, if they had repelled with force the first injuries done them. Affronts have not been accumulated upon them, till it was evident they did not know how, or did not wish to avenge them. Governments ought never to declare war, but with a just cause; but they ought always to be prepared to carry it on.

'The government of the United States, since its institution, has scarcely evinced any thing else but proofs of weakness; and, in future, greater vigour cannot be expected from it, as long as it is conducted by lawyers, a species of men the least proper to govern others, because they have nearly all a false judgment and dull character; and because, with their confined ideas and mean passions, they think they can govern empires, in the same manner as they would govern a club.

'Nevertheless, it must be confessed in praise of this government that it presents a species of phenomenon in the political world; and that, like the hand of Providence, it governs without being felt, and almost without being perceived; for to know that it exists it is necessary to seek it in the bosom of the woods, and, like certain birds of passage, it disappears in the fine season.

'This government, which in Europe, has the reputation of being the most liberal in the world, is, in reality, no more so than the British government; and in the United States, there is not more real liberty than in England, notwithstanding there is more apparent freedom. Consequently, it is this appearance of liberty which most flatters the pride of man, as well as his taste for independence; and if the great art of governing a people is to hide the chains which every where drag after them, it must be acknowledged that the American government is the most clever of all others. But, is it not rather to be presumed, that what has been attributed to the cleverness of this government, is no other than the work of its own weakness?

'The American people have hitherto regarded this weakness of their government as the surest guarantee of their liberty; but there is still a much more real one in the right of petition, the only resource of the oppressed man; in the liberty of the press, the greatest possible check to the powerful: in the small number of regulators compared to the great number of militia; and particularly in the constitutional law, which does not permit the army or any portion of it, to act in the interior, without the intervention of the magistracy. This, indeed, constitutes the real safeguard of political liberty. The army is established to defend the country, with the aid of the militia, against an external enemy; but it is the magistracy alone, supported by the militia, who ought to defend it within, and maintain interior tranquillity.

An essential defect in the American government, is, that, in

itself, it has no sufficient guarantee against the people. If an attempt was made to perfect this government, it would be necessary to strengthen it, and balance its powers in a better manner, in order to maintain them in a more perfect equilibrium. An executive power with more force; a senate composed of permanent members, to protect the people against the executive power, against the people; a representative body, composed of great freeholders; and finally, a legislative code, clear and precise, in order to get rid of the vermin of Lawyers;...such are the improvements which Americans ought to introduce into their government and administration. They ought never to forget, that governments have been essentially established to protect property, and that the best of all is that which protects it most.

‘The American Legislative Body not being composed of large freeholders, it has been necessary to grant to the members of Congress, an indemnity for the time of the session. It is, however, well known that it is not advisable, in any country, to pay the representatives of the nation, because every man who receives a salary from the executive power becomes its valet, and never its overseer; since such a man would never like to displease the executive power, for fear of losing his salary, by the dissolution of the representative body. Besides, the representatives of the nation being essentially destined to vote imposts and to watch over their expenditure, they cannot give to the executive power and at the same time receive from it; for with what face could they dare refuse tributes which they themselves are to share? Add to this, that by not paying the representative body, the election intrigues of the candidates are prevented, who generally seek to guide the affairs of the nation for their own advantage, thus also is individual ambition disconcerted, and by giving the greatest influence to property, the emulation of all is excited, because all, even the poorest, can attain property by means of labour. Moreover, it ought to be the object of every government to encourage labour which is the source of national riches and of public happiness.

‘In short, the first principle of all wise economy is not to pay for what can be had gratuitously; can it then be feared, that amongst the large freeholders of a nation, there would not be found a sufficient number of disinterested citizens, desirous of representing it in the legislative body, at the same time, that they will be remunerated by public consideration?’

Mr. Boujour rates the population of the United States of America, at 7,236,797, and says that it is a mixture of all the people of the earth, but principally of European Whites, blacks brought from Africa, and the red men born in the country. The whites, or Europeans form the basis of the population, and are estimated at about six millions, the blacks at one million and a half, and the

indigines or original natives of the country, at from two to three hundred thousand. The mixture of the latter with the whites has insensibly destroyed the indigine race, as if it were the fate of savage people to become extinct from the time they mix with civilized nations.

All writers on this country certainly agree in an amazing increase of population since the peace of 1802. In 1790, a census was taken which enumerated 3,950,000 whites, and 697,697 black slaves. Thus in thirty years American citizens have nearly doubled their numbers; and that too, in a climate unfriendly to the European emigrant. On the other hand we must, however admit that the greatest part of that time, a kind of *emigraniamia* prevailed throughout Europe; and which in Ireland and Scotland raged to such a pitch that the infatuated lower class of people sold themselves as abject slaves to American ship-masters, serving seven years, for a bare passage to this *New Wilderness*, which they had been taught to regard as the modern land of 'milk and honey.' The slaves' ships on the Coast of Guinea were never crowded equal to the American passenger ships, as they were called. In the latter, whose complement of seamen might not exceed fifteen or twenty, five and six hundred Irish of both sexes have been clandestinely taken on board at Londonderry, Belfast, and other ports in Ireland, and when like a bee-hive, overswarmed, the ship cast from its anchor, floated towards the sea, several, too long perhaps over a parting glass, with their friends on shore, perceiving their misfortune to be left behind, have actually, in desperation, plunged into the deep, and more happy, perhaps, than reaching their intended gael, found a watery grave.* Nor was this madness for leaving our native soil but partially diminished when the Americans themselves reserved to us the balance of our people, by their declaration of war. This act took place subsequent to our author's present work, and in that time war has thinned their ranks; so that the next census, unless they wisely conclude a peace, may not, unhappily boast of so great an increase of population.

* Janson, p. 452.

Of the seat of this federal government, so recently destroyed by the British forces, Monsieur Beaujour thus slightly observes :

‘ The city of Washington, the present seat of the federal government, has been traced on a plan more beautiful and less uniform. Its situation, in the interior of the country, between Maryland and Virginia, round the Chesapeake, which is like the heart of the United States, and on an elevated ground, whither the tides of the Potomac bear the largest vessels, has been well chosen. The circumference of the town is to comprise a surface of 4,124 acres, of which 712 are reserved for avenues and 3,412 for building lots ; but with the exception of some public edifices appropriated for the use of Government, and of which the principal one, destined for the sessions of Congress, bears the pompous name of *Capitol*, nothing else has been hitherto built ; and it appears that the grandeur of the plan will hinder, or at least retard, the execution, because this country is not yet sufficiently rich to people so large a town. Washington, at present, resembles those Russian towns traced in the deserts of Tartary, in whose inclosures we behold nothing but naked fields, and a few groupes of houses.

‘ The other towns of the United states possess nothing remarkable.’

Our author proceeds with a statement of the manufactures, particularly weapons of destruction, used by Americans in their wars. Of cannon founderies at Philadelphia, Richmond, and Washington, which cast yearly from two to three hundred pieces each. Of numerous powder mills, townships of gunsmiths and armourers ; so that though this infant nation at the time of noting down this our author's sketch was at profound peace with the old world, yet it ‘ gave dreadful note of preparation.’ The torpedo, or infernal machine, from the destructive powers of which some of our men of war have had ‘ hair breadth escapes,’ is thus described,

‘ Another machine, which, though it cannot, indeed, advance the progress of industry in the United States, may, nevertheless, tend to the defence of their harbours. This is called the *torpedo*, and is destined to blow up the largest ships. It is an apparatus of which the principal piece is a copper box, inclosing a certain quantity of gunpowder, and prepared with an interior spring which sets fire to the powder, at the same time that the whole is inclosed in a covering of cork, or some other light wood, to make

the torpedo float under the surface of the water. It is placed under the keel of the vessel intended to be destroyed, by means of an harpoon directed against the sides of the ship.

' This last invention, in its result, is no other than the application of the process of a mine against those floating castles, which we call ships of war. I am not aware whether this invention can ever come into general use ; but of this I am assured, that it can never be considered as a benefit to humanity, because men are already acquainted with too many means of destroying each other, without its being necessary to teach them the adoption of new ones.'

The plan of defence of the vast extent of coast is next considered. Our author calculates upon a militia of 700,000 men (such as they were,) and with this *bulwark* always at command, the government of the United States,

' Believe they have no necessity for a regular army ; for which reason they have only one for the form. In time of peace, the regular army is only composed of four regiments, viz. two of chasseurs, one of artillery, and one of marines, amounting in the whole to about 5000 men, and commanded by a Brigadier-General. The staff of this corps contains very few Officers who have seen actual service, and not one acquainted with the principles of modern warfare. The army of the United States is too small even to form a future skeleton for a larger one ! it would be necessary to increase it, and make it consist of every species of arms, in order to fill it up in case of war, and form an army after the model of those of Europe ; but such a one must be recruited out of the militia, because voluntary enrolments would never furnish a sufficiency of soldiers in a country where hands are so scarce and dear.

' The navy of the United States, like their army, is nothing more than a miniature. It is composed of only seven or eight frigates, as many sloops of war, a few bomb vessels and gunboats, the whole amounting to about 4000 men and 500 guns. This feeble navy is scarcely comparable to that of Algiers, by which it is continually insulted ; but the Americans might easily have a stronger one, because they possess all the requisite materials to construct ships, and nearly 100,000 sailors to man them.'

' The different kinds of forces composing their land and sea armament, when united, do not form a strength greater than 9000 men ; that is, in the United States, scarcely more than one man in a thousand is employed in military duty, whilst there is no country in Europe, where there is not at least one in every hundred.

' This shadow of an army costs the country almost as much as a real one, because in this particular, as well as in several others, it is relatively necessary to expend more for a small armament than a large

one. If the Americans wished to increase their strength, they might, with a small additional expence, and without taking away from the sinking fund of the national debt, keep up a navy of ten ships of the line, and an army of 25,000 men, which might serve as a future basis for one of 50,000. This increase of strength is necessary, if they do not seek to become the prey of their enemies.

' Since, by the great division of labour introduced into Europe, war has been turned into a trade, whoever wishes to carry it on with militia against regular troops, will experience the disadvantage of an imperfect art, placed in opposition to one already perfect. The system of militia, adopted by the United States, for their external defence, is not, consequently, a good one; but it would be difficult to give them a better, because a permanent army is incompatible with their financial system, as well as their political institutions. The Americans, separated from Europe by a vast ocean, can scarcely be conquered, but they may easily be invaded, owing to the extent and easy access of their coasts: therefore, they ought necessarily to have a basis for a temporary army and fleet, in order to be able to repel a sudden attack, by defensive preparations. The system of free corps (volunteers) and of gun-boats, which has been proposed to them, would be accompanied with all the inconveniences of an army and fleet, without having any of their advantages. Gun-boats are only serviceable for the defence of harbours, and not of coasts, open on every side as their's are.

' The system of their fortifications is not better understood than that of their army. The greatest part of their forts are placed without judgment, and are too small or imperfect. There is not in the whole country a strong place of depot, or even a fortress which could stop the progress of an army. It has been proposed to cover the coast with batteries, and it must be confessed, that this system of fortification would be better than that hitherto pursued; but it would require the occupation of too many hands. A few strong places, well constructed, and well situated, would alone suit the defensive plans of the Americans.'

Our author admits that the United States is 'vulnerable on an infinite number of points, but morally so on three: viz, in the bay of Newport, or Rhode Island; in that of New York; and also in the Chesapeake Bay. That the entrance of the latter cannot be fortified, but the mouths of the principal rivers falling into it, might be closed, and it would not be difficult to fortify the narrow passes leading into New York and Newport Bays.'

This scheme may pass current with a superficial observer; and a Consul General guided by his maps and regulated in opinion by the account of perhaps some

transient traveller delivered at a diplomatic dinner party may think that he merits well of both his own and his visiting country in thus telling them how to avert the retaliative blows of the English. We however find some scepticism in the way of crediting this opinion. We cannot clearly comprehend even the possibility of filling up the deep mouth of the Powtomach which is about eight miles from shore to shore, where it disembogues into the Chesapeake, or if practicable where the physical force could be raised out of a scanty population to scrape together and deposit so as to 'close the mouth' of this bold and deep water, which extends many hundred miles up the country opposite. Nor will we be led to believe that the narrow passes leading to New York and Boston, could be done with little difficulty. Oft has the commenter on this work, while contemplating upon the different spots during a long residence in the United States, considered how vulnerable were all the defences of the American sea ports. The strongest was but a shew of defence, and the scanty garrisons 'mere soldiers for sunshine.' Two or three frigates while Monsieur Beaujour was giving his opinions, might have made their way through 'twenty times such stop.' Who, therefore, *knowing this*, can be divested of surprise to find that New York, Boston, Newport, Norfolk, Charlestown and Savannah, were not numbered in the fate of Washington?

ART. IX.—No. 1. *Of Celebrated Irish Melodies*, arranged for the Harp and Piano Forte, with introductory, intermediate, and concluding symphonies, composed by John Whitaker. 5s. Button and Whitaker. 1814.

MUSIC, like her sister arts may be regarded as a faithful mirror of those passions and propensities, peculiarly indulged by individual nations. The habits of society, and the influence of foreign intercourse, may indeed, insensibly operate to the diminution or modification of native character, the progress of refinement and the caprices of innovation may have a similar tendency : but, notwithstanding the perhaps inevitable contagion of these alterative causes, their effects will be circumscribed within narrow limits : for while they will generally be confined to the extravagancies of fantastic imagination, or the amelioration of rugged con-

ception ; they will leave untouched the predominant features of national distinction, and encroach not upon the prevailing characteristics of innate genius.

This is, without doubt, true, in reference to the music of civilised countries ; but will be more forcibly just, if applied to the tuneful effusions of uncultivated life. Individuals, in a state of comparative wildness, destitute of an acquaintance with technical rules ; unenlightened by the rays of science or art ; and, by necessary consequence, unanimated by ambition for either ; possess feelings strong and almost untractable ;....what delights their particular affections, it is scarcely possible to wean them from enjoying : their nature forms, and their habits confirm them in the same rude partialities. Hence, they are, in a very small degree, susceptible of improvement ;....the production of artificial knowledge appeals to them with little or no impression ; the polish of education, and the elegancies of tasteful composition, exert their powers upon them without corresponding effect. They throw out their thoughts, careless alike of order and beauty, amply satisfied, if they be calculated to simply express the sensations which gave them birth.

The preceding reflections are the result of an attentive examination of the principal melodies, prevailing in regions, where the people, among whom they were produced, could boast of but trivial intimacy with the precepts of art. It would be ungenerous, however, not to acknowledge that many of their melodies, though not free from traits of rudeness and irregularity, are, nevertheless, occasionally distinguished with a certain felicity of idea and pathetic expression, which, perhaps, would defy the imitation of the most skilful modern musicians.

The national melodies of Hibernia, composed chiefly, in ages, when the impulse of nature was permitted to act, uncontrolled by the dictates of science or judgment, are, for the most part, eminently entitled to this encomium. They are characterised by so much sweetness, and tenderness, so much feeling and artlessness, as, we think, fully justify us in asserting, that to exceed them is hardly possible ; and that the theoretical and well-informed professor, who should succeed in a rival attempt, would deserve no small share of commendation. Saying thus much, it will not seem extraordinary, if we congratulate our readers on

the appearance of the present work, and recommend it to the attention of every one who sympathises with us in the admiration of simple but fascinating song.

The Irish airs have not been long known in this country : a few scattered specimens were, indeed, made familiar to the English ear, some fifty years since ; but it was reserved for the patriotism of Mr. Moore, and the laudable zeal of Sir John Stevenson, to give to the British public, a select and digested compilation of the most esteemed melodies of their native land. This collection was received with highly merited approbation, and the commendable labours of these gentlemen, have been rewarded with a rapid and extensive circulation of the work. But, notwithstanding the desires of our musical votaries were much gratified by this publication, yet as it was chiefly adapted to those who combine the qualifications of singing with that of instrumental performance, there speedily arose a wish, among piano forte practitioners, to be favored with the melodies unaccompanied with the voice part, and accommodated exclusively to their convenience. This wish, we are extremely happy to observe, met with due and respectful compliance, on the part of Messrs. Button and Whitaker ; who, in the advertisement prefixed to the present edition, succinctly detail the motives and design of their undertaking, in the following words.

‘ This number contains the whole of the airs comprised in the first part of the *Irish Melodies*, arranged by Sir John Stevenson, with words by Thomas Moore, Esq. ; and every succeeding number will consist of the same melodies as those of the corresponding parts of that publication. The publishers of this arrangement, not only most distinctly disavow the remotest intention or wish to oppose the work above alluded to, but feel the highest gratification in bearing their feeble testimony to the extraordinary talents of the poet, and great skill of the musician, manifested in that celebrated and elegant work. Applications, however, being almost daily made to them for the *Irish melodies, without words*, by persons who either feel a disinclination to singing, or are by nature disqualified for it, and to whom, consequently, the words are a useless and an expensive appendage, the idea suggested itself, that an edition ably arranged, upon the plan of the present, was very extensively desired : to supply this desideratum, is the design of the present work. How far the publishers have accomplished their intention, is not for them to determine ; but they

can conscientiously assert, that if they have not succeeded, their failure has arisen neither from a deficiency in labour, nor parsimony in expense.'

To arrange for the piano-forte, melodies of the kind here presented to our notice (melodies emanating from enthusiastic, though untutored genius), is a task of no easy description: but, to add appropriate, introductory, intermediate, and concluding symphonies, involves difficulties of more than ordinary magnitude. An accurate acquaintance with the distinctive spirit of the original author....an exact perception of the peculiar features, and, so to speak, of the complexion of each effusion....a masterly command of imitative powers....these rank foremost among the requisites to furnish well-adapted embellishments to the wild airs of nature, and the enumeration of them will suggest the labour indispensable to their attainment. The foregoing comments are offered, far from any intention of drawing a reproachful contrast to the display, now before us, of Mr. Whitaker's abilities. In our opinion, he possesses, to a very praiseworthy degree, the qualifications necessary to the execution of his design. For though he has, manifestly, mistaken the characteristics of two melodies, 'the Maid of the Valley,' and "The Summer is coming,"....and consequently, introduced inapplicable symphonies: yet, the adventitious matter is, for the most part, extremely suitable to the original themes, and interwoven with much dexterity. On the whole, therefore, we scruple not to assert, that this arrangement of the *PARIS MELODIES*, exhibits very honorable testimony to the capabilities of Mr. Whitaker, and cannot fail of proving a valuable accession to the sources of public amusement.

ART. X.—*Paris in 1802 and 1814*. By the Rev. William Shepherd. Second Edition. Octavo. Pp. 278. Longman, 1814.

[Continued from p. 479.]

Our traveller proceeds to descant on the several improvements and establishments, made by Bonaparte in every part of the city of Paris. He minutely describes the magnificent triumphal arch, erected opposite to the great gate of the Thuilleries; which splendid edifice displays

six bas-reliefs to record the memorable events of the campaign of 1805. The first represents the capitulation of the Austrian army, under general Mack, at Ulm. The second... the battle of Austerlitz. The third... Napoleon's triumphal entrance into Vienna. The fourth... the restoration of the king of Bavaria to his capital. The fifth... the humiliating visit of the emperor of Austria to the headquarters of the French army, after the battle of Austerlitz. The sixth... the peace of Presburg.

This monument of human vanity is surmounted by a triumphal car, to which the celebrated Venetian horses are harnessed. It has not suffered any change under the present government. In a time of profound peace, says Mr. Shepherd, the details of its composition must have been highly offensive to the feelings of many a gallant man. How must we, then, respect that military system, which, in a moment of victory, and during a two months' occupation of Paris, could check the thousands of hands, which would, gladly, have been raised for its destruction! We think so too; it is an instance of forbearance, highly creditable to the discipline of the allied armies; but we must remember, that the noble-minded Alexander forgot the burning of Moscow, and magnanimously saved the city of Paris. What a record for the admiration of posterity!

At the Place de Vendome, the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. was replaced by a grand column of one hundred and thirty-three feet in height and twelve in diameter. It is in imitation of Trajan's pillar, emblematically adorned with bas-reliefs, not of stone, but, appropriately, cast in brass, produced from the melting of the cannon taken at the battle of Austerlitz. On the capital of this column, the statue of Napoleon was formerly raised; but the white flag has been substituted by the restored monarch.

‘ We had this morning the pleasure of a visit from Mons. T., a young gentleman of considerable promise, who after completing his education in one of Bonaparte's military schools, had lately obtained a lieutenancy of artillery.

‘ He had been in Paris when the allies presented themselves before the city, and gave us a very lively picture of the confusion which that event occasioned. The Parisians had been kept in such ignorance by the suppression of all authentic intelligence in the public journals, that they could not believe the fact when they were informed that the enemy were approaching. Many of the incredulous mounted

their horses and road towards Meaux to make personal enquiries into the real state of affairs. In the course of two or three hours after their departure they were seen galloping back ; some of them wounded, and all in the utmost consternation. The Boulevards were so crowded with people who were assembled to hear the news, that the troops, ammunition-caissons, and artillery which were perpetually passing, could with difficulty force a way through them : and in a short time dismay was spread over every countenance by the thunder of the cannon, announcing the commencement of the engagement. Mr. T.'s corps were ordered to the heights of Montmartre, on their way to which they met a line of waggons filled with their wounded comrades. Montmartre was furnished only with a single battery of four or five pieces ; and in the heat of the action the fresh balls which were supplied to these pieces were found to be of a wrong calibre. This circumstance was imputed to treachery on the part of Marshal Marmont, who, our young soldier informed us, was generally accused of betraying the cause of Bonaparte, and was on that account regarded with dislike by the great body of the army. I mention this circumstance merely as it was reported to me. In many conversations which I have held with military men, and others in France, the downfall of Bonaparte has been imputed to treason. But after all, I should be inclined to doubt any such assertion. The people at large did not embrace the cause of their Emperor ; and when the numerical superiority of the Allies over any force which he could bring into the field is considered, the event of the campaign may be accounted for upon other principles than those of collusion between Napoleon's marshals and Blucher or Schwartzberg. And in referring to the opinion of the French on this subject, it must be recollected that their pride cannot brook the idea of their capital having fallen into the hands of the enemy in consequence of the ordinary operations of war.

In speaking of the Bourbons, Mr. T. remarked, that their cause would be much more heartily espoused by the nation at large, were the heads of that family more alert and active in body. He said that the army looked up with hope to the Duke de Berri, and lamented the death of the Duke d'Enghien, whose execution had given general disgust, and was by no means approved of even by Bonaparte's partizans.

We forbear to pursue our traveller throughout the public buildings he visited, as we do not meet with any new remarks.

At a bookseller's shop, however, Mr. Shepherd turns over a collection of political pamphlets, published in Paris since the fall of Buonaparte. These he describes as mere ephemeral productions. The attempts of French writers to avail themselves of the liberty of the press, of which they

had been so long deprived, resembled, in his mind, the awkward gait of a man, who, after wearing heavy irons for a dozen years, has suddenly got rid of his shackles.

'At four I called upon Mr. B., an English gentleman, who was come to Paris in quality of deputy from a number of merchants, who wished to make some commercial arrangements with the French government. This gentleman, whom I well knew to be singularly observant, intelligent, and active, and who, from his frequent communications with the public offices, enjoyed peculiar means of obtaining information as to the state of affairs in France, assured me that I was correct in my opinion, that the military were in general dissatisfied with the new order of things, and that he had himself heard parties of the *Gardes du Corps*, who had faintly and sulkily repeated, after their officers, '*Vive le Roi*,' at a review on the Caroussel, cry with enthusiasm, '*Vive l'Empereur*,' as soon as they had piled their arms at their casernes. He also informed me, that a few days ago a whole regiment, officers and men, had mutinied at Nemours, and had set off on a march to Paris, in full confidence of being joined by the garrison of that city in effecting a counter-revolution—that after proceeding on their way to the metropolis about six hours, their hearts had failed them, and they marched back to Nemours, whither Marshal Oudinot had instantly repaired, and caused three of the ringleaders to be shot. The king, he said, with his characteristic mildness, wished to have pardoned the offenders; but the Marshal, thinking a severe example was, in this case, absolutely necessary, had over-ruled his opinion. This intelligence was not of the most pleasant description, as I was well convinced, that in the event of a movement in favour of Napoleon, the English in France would be in considerable danger.'

Closing his observations, Mr. Shepherd describes himself as having spent his time very agreeably in the French metropolis. He accounts, very reasonably for the dissatisfaction expressed by many idle visitors on their return to London; and contends, that to the man of letters, Paris is a most eligible residence. The stores of its public libraries...the facility of access to these repositories of knowledge...the flourishing state of the fine arts...the public school of painting and sculpture...the concentrated treasures of the Louvre gallery, &c. &c. are all deserved objects of fascination. We conclude with Mr. Shepherd's political opinions on the result of his visit.

'As I slowly paced the gallery of the Louvre, my attention was occasionally abstracted from the wonders with which I was surrounded—'

ed by speculations upon the probable duration of the period when an Englishman will be able to visit these repositories of taste in the character of a friend and an ally. The pursuit of these speculations leads to a wide field of thought. The solving of the problem will, in the first place, depend upon the settlement of a preliminary enquiry: will the government of the Bourbons be stable? And from every thing that I could observe during my visit to France, I am persuaded that the stability of the Bourbon dynasty will depend entirely upon the conduct of the heads of that illustrious house, and that they have not altogether an easy game to play. The allegiance of the great body of the army is more than doubtful. The troops are generally disaffected to them. I understand also, that in consequence of their confirmation of the sales of confiscated property, the loyalty of the ancient noblesse toward them is much impaired; and with regard to the mass of the people, the enthusiasm in favour of Louis XVIII., of which we read so much in the *Moniteur*, appears merely on paper. Still, however, the mass of the people are friendly to the Bourbons. They were so oppressed by Buonaparte, and the conscription, in particular, made such inroads upon their domestic comforts, that though their joy is by no means extravagant, they are glad to see the throne filled by a pacific character. It is to this quarter, then, that Louis must look for support. He must cherish his people; he must foster their arts, their commerce, and their manufactures. I will further observe, that if he would wish to establish his throne upon a lasting foundation, he will do well to restrain notorious vices in his court, and to avoid, as his greatest bane, the scandal of pecuniary extravagance. The follies of Louis XV. are not forgotten, and the people of France shew every disposition to revolt against unreasonable taxation. If any question should unfortunately arise between his people and himself, Louis XVIII. cannot rely upon the support of the army. Precluded then from governing by force, he can only govern by influence: and that influence is not to be maintained by a priesthood, who have, as yet, no hold upon the public mind, but by prudence of personal conduct, and by wise and lenient measures of administration. Now, as far as personal character is concerned, it may be justly expected, that the present monarch will regulate his reign by these principles: and when it is considered that the interest of the marshals is now strictly united to those of the present dynasty, that the peers also, and the *Corps-Legislatif*, have irretrievably committed themselves in the same cause, we may conclude, that the house of Bourbon enjoys a reasonable prospect of swaying the sceptre of France for some generations to come.

But the prospect of the continuance of peace, is affected by another circumstance, namely, the disposition of the people of France. And I am sorry to state, that I did not perceive in them any due sense of the blessings of public tranquillity. The minds of the army, both officers and privates, are bent upon violence and

rapine, and they care not upon whom they are exercised. Their notions of warfare are not modified by the chivvrous spirit of modern times; they have even little regard for the welfare of their country. Plunder and promotion are the main articles of their creed; and they are ready to draw the sword, without enquiring against whom. Nor are the bulk of the people chastised into wisdom by the events which have lately occurred to humble them. They cannot be persuaded that any of the ordinary occurrences of war could have exposed the French arms to disaster and defeat. Their language already begins to be lofty, and the nation at large seems to wish for an opportunity of redeeming the military credit, which, though they are too proud to acknowledge it, they are conscious they have lost. The animosity, both of the army and the people, is most inveterate against Austria, which power they loudly accuse of treachery and cupidity; political vices which they, very consistently, no doubt, avow their wish to punish and restrain. On England, also, they look with an evil eye. They cannot bear to think of our naval power, and they contemplate with all the jealousy of rivalry, our commercial prosperity. The complaints of the prisoners of war whom we have lately dismissed in such numbers, are too readily listened to, and aggravate feelings in themselves sufficiently turbulent. Upon the whole, then, I cannot help fearing, that the halcyon days, which in the imagination of so many worthy men, lately followed each other in endless succession, will not be of so long duration as has been expected. Where much inflammable matter is collected, the smallest spark may produce an extensive conflagration. The ensuing congress will constitute the most important period in the history of modern times. Nothing but the most consummate prudence on the part of the negotiators, who will be there assembled, can long protract the revival of the horrors of war.

ART. XI.—*The Modern Dunciad*, a Satire; with Notes Biographical and Critical. pp. 106. Wilson. 1814.

This satire is, certainly, written by a scholar and a poet; but, in proportion as we admire the author's talents, we are disgusted with his abuse of them.

‘There was a time when CHURCHILL, bold and coarse,
Gave Wit its point, and Satire all its force;
When POPE, immortal Sat’rist! made his prey
The HEAVENS and the GILDONS of the day;
Dragg’d into light th’ abandon’d scribbling crew,
And boldly scourg’d them in the public view.’

There was indeed, a time! but, shall the lovers of satire, pointed by raillery, by ridicule, or by wit, smile at the

dart ignobly levelled at *such* lords as Yarmouth and Hawke?—at such miscreants as Manners, the unprincipled editor of the infamous Satirist; and at Humphry Hedgehog, *alias* Jeremiah Juvenal; *alias* Peter Pindar—at Rosa Matilda, the vicious author of Zoffuqua,—at Gale Jones, ‘sedition’s sprite;’ and, at a long catalogue of reptiles?—our author might have applied his quotation from Warburton to self.—

“Scribblers have not the common sense of other vermin, who commonly abstain from mischief when they see any of their kind gibbeted, or nailed up as terrible examples.”

There is, also, as marked an absence of capdour, as of taste, in this gentleman’s prevalent choice of objects for his keen and cutting invective. On Dr. Busby and his son, he has been pleased to bestow a most invidious portion, but we are at a loss to discover upon what principle of equity, the *translator* of Lucretius is made to answer, at the bar of criticism, for the *opinions* of Lucretius. As a dignified effort aiming to give to the English reader, the genius of an illustrious Latin poet, who lived in the darker ages of unrevealed religion, the translation of Dr. Busby has been honoured with the following eulogium from, we believe, the best classic scholar, of this country. In Dr. Busby’s preface, we have read the following passages.

“My task terminated, a distinguished statesman and scholar was immediately present to my mind as its future patron. Lord Grenville, after perusing the first book, was pleased to think that I should “*be found to have executed the laborious undertaking in such a manner as to do credit to myself, and to form a valuable acquisition to the stores of English literature*” handsomely took to HIMSELF the honour I SOLICITED, and accepted the dedication.”

Dr. Busby tells us, and with truth, that in theological and metaphysical speculations, as they soar above the level of common intellect, are in danger of straying from truth and of becoming bewildered in the regions of imagination.

• Nihil est tam absurdum quod non aliquis e philosophis afferat. •

CICERO.

and all persons, in any degree, acquainted with the ancient classics, must be aware, that Epicurus, Aristotle, Pyrrho, and Plato, had each his separate system; and each, with noble and sublime ideas, blended notions as wild as fantastic; notions, long since obscured, by the light of reason, and rejected by the light of revelation.

With this impression the doctor has sought to analyze the genius of Lucretius at an enlightened age; but the philosophy and morals of that poet, ON THE NATURE OF THINGS, is argumentatively combated, and refuted, by the translator; who, with clearness and precision, exhibits the doctrines of Lucretius to be speculative the grandest and most awful scenes of nature.

On the subject of atoms, so peculiarly the derision of our author, we shall give one short extract from the philosophy of the Epicurean school. 'From these elementary * particles the world was generated, and is perpetually supplied and sustained. Ever in motion, the atoms now attach themselves to fading bodies, and form new ones; now disipate again, preserve the constant rotation of nature, and, while all compounds decay and perish, are themselves eternal and immutable.' To this extract we add the note of doctor Burby.

'Almost all the ancients, Grecian and Roman, considered the spiritual nature to be material; and not a few, even of the Christian fathers, among whom we may reckon, Tertullian, Basil, and Augustin, adopted the same opinion. Ought not this to moderate our anger against Lucretius. And, this opinion allowed him, will christian rhariety permit us to condemn a pagan poet, for not deducing from it those conclusions which only a Christian could be enabled to form? The axiom so solid when applied to the body, *Quicquid natum est, interire necesse est*, was extended by my author to the soul itself—why? because he did not, could not, perceive that it is a pure incorruptible spirit derived immediately from God, the great and sole author of all things.'

These, we presume, will shew the injustice, as well as absurdity, of our author's *prolonged* criticism on Dr. Busby. The following allusion is most illiberal.

"Straining with all its might 'gainst mood and tense,

"To make the Doctor's fustian sound like sense."

"Atoms, moving from all eternity through immeasurable space; meeting, conussing, rebounding, combining, amassing, according to their smooth, round, angular, and jagged figures, have produced all the compound bodies of the universe, animate and inanimate"—*Epicurean Philosophy*.

We might pursue this satire to Coates, Dibdin, Dimond, Fitzgerald, Skeffington, Philips, Carr, Mrs. Clarke, Fawcett, Munden, and other *scholars* of the same dull school—but we will merely repeat a couplet from this modern Dunciad.

“ ’Tis pitiful!—but, why indulge your spleen ?

“ Will all this useless railing mend the scene ?

In pursuit of a more noble game, our author hurls his criticism at real genius. Of Anacreon Moore, he says,

“ And hot press’d Little breathes the soul of lust.”

And not content with this philippic, he saterises the *Chastity* of a Lord Chief Justice, for admiring the beautiful effusions of this lascivious poet, but Pope was a satirist ; and, yet he had soul to feel the loves of Abelard and Eloisa, indeed, we have often inclined to think, that the quall of Pope’s spirit was engendered by his personal deformity ; and that, if the graces of his form had harmonized with the accomplishments of his mind, instead of a sarcastic, he would have been an amatory Poet.

Of Lord Thurlow, it is said, were his lordship’s talents equal to his industry, he would be the greatest poet that ever lived ; but what he wants in quality, he makes up in quantity.

* Thurlow (alas ! will Thurlow never tire ?)

“ New points his dulness, and new strings his lyre.

His lordship is certainly, an enthusiast in his labors ; but candour will admit, that he, occasionally, displays poetic talent.

To Southey, he ascribes.

“ A Poet’s rashness, with a Poet’s fire.”

To my lord Byron, avowedly a poet of the higher class, reluctant praise is given ; and, Scott is thus described.

“ The man has pleas’d—aye, surfeited the town.”

Our author speaks of ‘ Rogers pure style,’ and ‘ Campbell’s noble fire.’ Of Sheridan—“ who does not lament that this great man should pass the remaining portion of his days in pursuits wholly inconsistent with his talents and rank in life ? of all the distinguished characters of the present age, I cannot name one who, in my estimation, has had (and I

grieve to say, neglected) so many opportunities of rendering himself nobly popular. But while I lament that he has not done more, let me not forget to acknowledge what he has done. If these lines should ever be fortunate enough to meet his eye, he will see that my admonition is dictated by the high respect that I entertain for his talents : it is not for the brilliant wit and the enlightened statesman to exclaim

*" Mihi sit propositum in taberna mori ;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori ;
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic Potatori."*

Let him attend—and the name of Sheridan may still be the admiration of posterity.

After criticising the folly of the reigning dramatic taste, our author exclaims.

" Except when Kemble, to delight the few,
Restores immortal Shakespear to our view.
Say, who's to blame ? the sottish town that pays,
The fool with laughter—not the bard with praise.
That looks for, in distortion and grimace,
Nature's soft ease, and wit's enchanting grace.

Let me not be called hyperbolic when I assert that Mr. Kemble is equal to any tragic actor, ancient or modern. He is both a scholar and a gentleman, and consequently no favourite with the "groundlings." Some call him pedantic—I uphold that he is classical. For a specimen of his astonishing powers, I might advert to almost every great character in tragedy ; but I will confine myself to one in which the immortal Garrick so much excelled—King Lear : Mr. Kemble not only rose above himself, but above every other actor in my remembrance. The manner in which he gave the curse upon Goneril, in the first act, was too heart-rending for the human feelings ; the whole audience rose—it was a moment of enthusiasm, such as conception can hardly reach, and language never adequately describe—

" I can't find words, and pity those that can !"

Mr. Kemble's Lear possesses many beauties ; still, it is an unequal performance. Now, if we were about to cast a splendid round the name of this great actor, we should gather the brilliant rays from his Coriolanus....his Cardinal Wolsey....his Brutus....his Penraddock. In these characters, Kemble soars above all competition. His only rival, Young, pursues the classic track to fame, with successful assiduity.

We lament, that Miss O'Neill was not known, at the time of this publication. Pure genius, surely, never dawn'd in youth more bewitching ; or, ornamented grace more natural, taste more refined, or judgment more chastened. And although the *heroine* of the inimitable Siddons (in Mrs. Beverly) must have left its indelible impressions on the mind of the dramatic amateur ; yet, the softened portraiture of that amiable character, by Miss O'Neill, charms our sensibility ; and often rapture applauds her artless excellence.

We have said quite enough on a work, much more distinguishable for talent than for truth.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

THEOLOGY.

- ART. 12.**—*Select Portions of the New Version of Psalms*, for every Sunday throughout the year ; with the principal festivals and fasts for the use of Parish Churches. The words selected by the Rev. George Hay Drummond ; the music selected, adapted, and composed by Edward Miller, Mus. D. Twenty-second edition ; with a Selection of Hymns, for particular occasions. 12mo. Pp. 140. 2s. 6d. Scatcherd and Letterman. 1814.

This selection is well chosen.

- ART. 13.**—*Religious and Moral Reflections*, originally intended for the use of his Parishioners, by Samuel Hodgkinson, S. T. B. formerly, fellow of Clare-Hall, Rector of Etton, and Vicar of Morton cum Haccoby. 12mo. Pp. 203. Harris, 1814.

A sensible, moral, and interesting work.

EDUCATION.

- ART. 14.**—*Eutropii Historiæ Romanæ* [libri] [septem ; Cum Notis Anglicis et quæstionibus, ad erudiendam juventutem historia geographique antiqua accommodatis. Studio C. Bradley. 12mo. Pp. 116. Longman & Co. 1814.

This edition, like the following is published for the use of schools. The notes are much more diffusive, and contain much useful classic information.

- ART. 15—*M. Acci Plauti Comædiæ Quatuor, Amphitruo, Aulularia, Captivi Rudens, ad usum Scholarum notulis Anglicis et Glossario accommodatæ.* 12mo. Pp. 246. Law, 1814.

Plautus was a dramatic poet of rich comic humor, and his plays are remarkable for their moral tendency. This edition, published for the use of schools, is enlarged by notes which will be found very useful to the student.

- ART. 16—*A Comparative View of the Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and French languages ; or, an easy and entertaining method of acquiring a knowledge of those Languages at once, with or without a master.* By C. Laisné, Teacher of Languages. Formerly Private Tutor in the University of Paris ; Author of Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and French Grammars. 12mo. Pp. 268. Longman. 1814.

This gentleman is a most indefatigable publisher. The present undertaking is very novel, but, like the preceeding, very praise worthy. It professes to teach the study of several languages at one time. This—says the author—has, hitherto, been considered a very arduous task ; but, by the present composition, it will become not only easy, but really entertaining ; as well with regard to the brevity, perspicuity, and conformity of the rules, as with the agreeable variety of the illustrations, which are taken from the most admired authors.

Presuming the student to be acquainted alone with his mother-tongue, he is introduced to the declension of Latin nouns, as a groundwork, for the Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and French declensions of nouns, to be elevated, upon. The edifice, thus raised, is ingenious in its fabric, but we consider it to be too intricate.

- ART. 17—*A Key to Gregory's Arithmetic ; adapted to the first, and to a prepared second edition of that work ; containing answers to the questions with the stating to each example in which proportion is concerned : and the work at length to those examples which are long, or in the least tedious. To which is affixed, a Compendium of Logarithmic Arithmetic : being a plain and succinct Explanation of the nature, construction, and use of Logarithms ; deduced entirely from the principles of common Arithmetic.* By the Author of the Arithmetic. 12mo. Pp. 127. Longman & Co. 1814.

This treatise appears to be well deserving the patronage of school-masters.

POETRY.

ART. 18.—*Virgil in London; or Town Eclogues; to which are added Imitations of Horace; Octavo. Pp. 126. 5s. Wilson. 1814.*

Some sprightly effusions of wit well seasoned with satire; composing a literary side dish for the library table. These eclogues are introduced by a supposed dialogue between a lady and the author, wherein the latter thus pleasantly deprecates our opinion.

* Ye critics! before whose tribunal severe,
As a dutiful bard I am bound to appear,
Ye grave Aristarchusses! Monthly reviewers!
Ye cold hearted judges, who strove to undo us!
To a poet be merciful once in your lives,
And spare him the smart of your critical knives;
If sometimes, a truant from classical rules,
His muse takes a licence unknown to the schools;
Reflect *Alma-mater* is nothing to him,
A laughing disciple of frolic and whim;
Nor damn a poor Author for trifles like these,
Who strives to amuse, and whose aim is to please.

A twice read petition, may be said to have had its prayer granted; and we readily confess a smile at several of the author's ideas, expressed in suitable rhyme and measures. From these we shall make another extract, though the subject might perchance have arisen from a serious joke; be that as it may, take it in our poet's own words.

* Two prowling Bailiffs, hunting after prey,
Tho' ancient Grub-street sped their cautious way,
When just at dawn, with joyful hearts they found,
The tunefull Crambo prostrate on the ground;
That Crambo, whom, with wond'rous toil and pain,
Three tedious days they sought, but sought in vain;
That Crambo, who, though tipsy and in tatters,
Was still the very prince of odes and satires;
That Crambo, who, defied a groaning pit,
And still was thought a poet and a wit;
And, ne'er repining at his fate severe,
Was damn'd at Covent-Garden twice a year.

Now, with a piece of cord, both long and hard,

The wary bailiffs bound the sleeping bard,

Lest, when he woke, (a case we often see),

Crambo should prove the nimblest of the three.

His pockets next they rummag'd, but the duns
 Found naught but scraps of epigrams and puns,
 Flat, fulsome panegyrics, stiff in stays,
 Remnants of farce, and fragments of new plays;
 Love-sonnets, form'd the appetite to glut,
 With interlard'd sentiments and smut;
 An ode to riches, an address to morn,
 With duplicates of sundry things in pawn;
 Satires to give the ministers a burning,
 Dull elegies, and sermons for old women;
 Smooth verses full of groves and tinkling rills,
 'The spirit of the hook' and ale-house bills;
 A stoick romance in namby-pamby verse,
 Three speeches of a tragedy in Erse,
 A mouldy crust, directions for a purge,
 And libels for the Satirist and Scourge;
 A string of resolutions on the tapis,
 Petition to the prince against the papists,
 Proposals for a volume in the press,
 Letters to friends complaining of distress;
 Requesting they would all with open hands come,
 And lottery puffs for Bish and Lady Bramscumb;
 Much more they found of literary trash,
 But not a single halfpenny in cash.

LAW.

ART. 19.—*The Jurisdiction of the Justices of the Peace*, and authority of Parish Officers, in all matters relative to Parochial Law, with practical forms of all necessary proceedings: the adjudged cases to Trinity Term, 1813 inclusive, and the Statutes of the last Session of Parliament. By Thomas Walter Williams, Esq. of the Inner Temple. Quarto. 2 Vols. Pp. 636, 659. £2. 12s. 6d. Kearsley.

THE various statutes and adjudged cases relating to parish law, is here compiled, and exhibited in one body, in a clear and distinct manner. It is a work which will be found highly useful to landholders, and a valuable guide to justices of the peace, in their decisions in all parochial concerns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 20.—*Picture of Paris*; being a Complete Guide to all the public buildings, places of amusement, and curiosities in that metropolis: accompanied with seven descriptive routes, from the coast to Paris; with full directions to strangers, on their first arrival in that Capital. 18mo. Pp. 404. 5 fr. Galignani, 1814.

This is a better guide to Paris, than others we have seen. All objects of curiosity are exposed to the traveller, it is a useful vade-mecum.

ART. 21.—*Letter to Mans*, L. N. M. Carnot, Lieut.-General &c. &c. By an Englishman. 8vo. Pp. 27. R. Balduin, 1814.

This Pamphlet is written in the true spirit of John Bull, whatever the author feels he may want in argument, he supplies with scurrility. The sentiments which disgrace M. Carnot's Pamphlet must be hateful to all well thinking men; but abilities so brilliant as his, are not to be eclipsed by dull invective. M. Chateaubriand has published a most able reply, which we shall offer to our readers next month.

ART. 22.—*An Index to the Anatomical medical, chirurgical, and Physiological papers contained in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, from the commencement of that work to the end of the year 1813. Chronologically and Alphabetically arranged.* 4to. J. Callow. 1814.

The General Index relating to the transaction of the Royal Society of London, is voluminous. Medical men, will therefore find this volume an easy direction to the objects of their reference.

ART. 23.—*The Causes of the high price of Coals in the port of London explained, in a Letter to the Editor of the Times.* By Robert Hills, Coal Merchant. Richardson. 1814.

THE 'burning sin' against the public in regard to fuel, so successfully carried on during our enjoyment of the 'sweets of peace,' calls aloud for the interference of government. The participators in this shameful traffic, are already reduced to the subterfuge of shifting from 'shoulder to shoulder,' until the wickedness is laid at the shed of the petty dealer. The merchant now placing himself before us, thus 'accuses his brother.'

'That there are individuals in this, as in every other trade, who practise 'impositions,' and take 'shameful advantages,' I acknowledge and regret. Indeed, these characters, instead of striving to rise the price of coals, are the men who profess to diminish it. Almost every instance of improper conduct in the coal trade, may be traced to undersellers. And here I cannot help observing, that those buyers who are unwisely eager after bargains, are the best supporters of these persons, and are peculiarly open to the designing and dishonest who easily entrap them with the bait of an under-price. Good souls! Chuckling over a contract made at 5s. or, perhaps, even 10s. per

charidron under current rate? Be no longer happy in your fancied shrewdness: either in measure or quality, or in both, you are abused and robbed; undersellers are the bane of the trade; from the very nature of it, it is impossible to undersell, and make a profit honestly: use common sense, and always suspect the dealer who offers at an under-rate. The charges on delivery are well known: the market prices are furnished in printed lists, three times a week: if the supply exceed the demand, you will buy cheaper, and if it is less, you must be satisfied to buy dearer, resting assured, that an excess of price will operate its own cure, and produce the opposite extreme, as the ensuing year will probably exemplify.'

LIST OF BOOKS.

NOTE.—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—sd. *sewed*. The rest are, with few exceptions, *in boards*. ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

Alison's (Archibald, L.L.B.) Sermons, chiefly on particular occasions, second ed. 8vo. 12s.

Anna, or, Edinburgh, a Novel, by Mrs. Roche, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Bankers's (the) and Merchants's Almanack for 1815, contains lists of Bankrupts, Dividends and Certificates in 1814. Lists of Town and Country Bankers, and Merchants also a list of Foreign Bankers, and Merchants lists of London and Country Newspapers; with the places through which they circulate annexed—of Public Offices, with the Hours of Business, a list of Country towns and Towns containing about 5000 inhabitants; with the Inns, and different modes of conveyance to and from London, &c.

Bateman's (Thomas, M.D. F.L.S.) Practical Synopsis of Cutaneous Diseases, third ed. 8vo. 12s.

Beaujour's Sketch of the United States 8vo. 16s.

Beckman's (John) History of Inventions and Discoveries, translated from the German, by William Johnston, second ed. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s. —Vol. IV. separately, 19s.

Bell's (Charles) System of Operative Surgery, founded on the Basis of Anatomy, second ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 18s.

—Dissertation on Gun-shot Wounds, Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Berzelius's (J. Jacob, M.D. F.R.S.)

Attempt to establish a pure Scientific System of Mineralogy, translated from the Swedish Original, by John Black, 8vo. 6s.

Birt's (John) Sermon preached at the Annual Meeting of the Northern Education Society, August 31st, 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Blayney's (Major-General Lord) Narrative of a forced Journey through Spain and France, as a Prisoner of War, in the Years 1810 to 1814, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s.

Booth's (George) Observations on Lowering the Rent of Land and on the Corn Laws, 8vo. 2s. sd.

Bransby's (James Hews) Selections for Reading and Recitation, designed for the use of Schools, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Byron's (Miss) Bachelor's Journal inscribed (without permission) to the Girls of England, 2 vols. 12mo. 70s. 6d.

Cadet (The) a poem in six parts contains remarks on British India; to which is added Egbert and Amelie in four parts, with other Poems, by a late resident in the east 12mo. 2 vols. 14s.

Circumstantial (A) Narrative of the Campaign in Russia 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Cunningham's (I.W.A.M.) Velvet Cushion, third ed. 8vo. 5s.

Farre's (J. R. M. D.) Pathologic Researches, Essay (I.) on Mal-forms

tions of the Human Heart, royal 8vo. 7s.

Trend's (William, Esq. M. A.) Evening Amusements for the Year 1815. 12mo. 3s.

Fugitive, (The) Family Incidents, vols. 12mo. 13s. 6d.

Ghost (The) a Farce, in three Acts, by Zachary Jengilier, 8vo. 2s. ed.

Gros's (C.) Elements of Conversation, French and English, second ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Henderson's (Robert) Treatise on the Breeding of Swine and curing of Bacon, with Hints on Agricultural Subjects, second ed. 8vo. 5s. bds.

Index (An) to the Anatomical, Medical, Chirurgical, and Physiological papers contained in the Transactions of the royal Society of London, from the commencement of that work, to the end of the year 1813. Chronologically and Alphabetically arranged 4to. 10s. 6d.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to Mr. G. F. Bussy's second communication respecting the discovery of Junius, we have to state, that we attended his lecture and were strongly impressed with the mass of evidence which he exposed in favor of de L' Olme. As the subject is highly important, we trust his second lecture will convey equal conviction to the minds of his audience. The discovery, when confirmed cannot fail to reflect great credit on Dr Busby.

Mr. H. X. may expectareply after a little consideration.

I. B. P. will find a letter at our publisher's after the 2d.

We were sorry we could not insert the announcement of Mr. Myers new work as we confine ourselves to those actually published.